

AMERICA

A·CATHOLIC·REVIEW·OF·THE·WEEK

VOL. XLV, No. 1
WHOLE No. 1124

April 11, 1931

PRICE 10 CENTS
\$4.00 A YEAR

CONTENTS

	PAGES
CHRONICLE	1-4
EDITORIALS	
The Catholic Maternity Clinic—Brother Joseph of Molokai—A Famous School Closes—Hard Times and Capitalism—Federal Film Censorship—On the Battle Front.....	5-7
TOPICS OF INTEREST	
The New Paganism—Pan-Americanism à la Mode—The Breaking of the Bread—Mexican Panorama	8-15
SOCIOLOGY	
Efficiency Experts and Strikes	15-16
EDUCATION	
Timely Recruiting	16-18
POETRY	
A Prayer in April.....	13
WITH SCRIP AND STAFF	18-19
LITERATURE	
Cervantes and the Modern Spirit	19-21
REVIEWS	21-23
COMMUNICATIONS	23-24

Chronicle

Home News.—Upon the President's return from his West Indian trip, he found himself faced with several pressing national problems. The first of these was the fiscal situation of the Government. Judging from the March receipts, the Treasury found itself faced with the prospect of a very large deficit. A considerable difference of opinion arose as to how this deficit should be met. Senator Borah insisted that just as taxes were reduced when a surplus existed, so they should be increased when more revenue must be found. He mentioned in particular a raise in surtaxes. The Republican Party, however, and the President were opposed to this course and suggested a combination of short-term financing to tide over the emergency and a reduction of monies poured into the sinking fund to reduce the national debt. The President further stated that if the next Congress imposes no increase upon the budget, "there will be no need of an increase in taxes. . . . But for Congress to do this the people must cooperate to effectively discourage and postpone consideration of the demands of sectional and group interests." Republican leaders pledged themselves to keep taxes down, and the Democrats were said to be of the same mind. The President's policy was based on the

hope of an upturn in business which would increase Government revenue.—During the President's absence, the Federal Farm Board announced that it would not make any further purchases of wheat in the open market and this had the immediate effect of depressing prices. When Mr. Hoover returned, he announced that the Farm Board is an agency independent of himself, since it holds its power from Congress, and that the responsibility for whatever it does lies on the Board itself and not upon him. The Secretary of Agriculture informed the President that the drought-relief program was a success and that Federal agencies would assist 350,000 families during the crop season.—Another problem was the sudden dispute among the Republican leaders concerning the nomination for the vice-presidency in the next election. Considerable opposition to Mr. Curtis was expressed. The names of Dwight W. Morrow, Secretary Hurley, and Governor Theodore Roosevelt were mentioned as his successor. Secretary Hurley immediately countered by coming out for Mr. Curtis. At the same time, a strong movement was on foot to displace Chairman Fess of the Republican National Committee. The President immediately said he was satisfied with present arrangements, but the rumor still persisted that Senator Fess would be replaced before the summer.—On the Democratic side, Jesse I. Straus polled the delegates and alternates to the 1928 Democratic National Convention as to their preference for presidential nominee. Of 942 who answered, 478 declared for Governor Franklin Roosevelt, and 125 for ex-Governor Smith, with scattering votes for seventeen others.

A Government action, which was expected to have wide political ramifications, was a suit filed by the Department of Justice to ask a dissolution of the Sugar Institute, which represents refiners producing most of the consumption of granulated sugar in the United States. The Institute was charged with having maintained a scheme designed to fix "oppressive and uniform prices" of refined cane sugar derived from Cuba, Porto Rico, Hawaii and the Philippines, and bought there at abnormally low prices. The members of the Institute refine more than ninety-eight per cent of the cane sugar used in the United States. Their answer was that the Government itself had instigated the formation of the Sugar Institute in 1927, while the Department of Justice approved the code of ethics under which they had operated.

Australia.—Following his threats to their conclusion, J. T. Lang, Premier of New South Wales, further com-

plicated Australia's financial perplexities by refusing to meet the interest payments due on the State debts in London on April 1. The payments amounted to about £729,000.

New South Wales was not bankrupt, but merely declared a moratorium. Prime Minister Scullin, who vainly tried to restrain Mr. Lang and the Labor extremists from defaulting, announced that the Commonwealth Government would assume the New South Wales obligations. The Government would then seek to recover the amount from the State Government through court action. Mr. Scullin declared that "Premier Lang has not only struck a blow at the prestige of Australia but has raised questions of magnitude concerning the financial relations between the States and the Commonwealth." Legal opinion decided that the Federal Government had a right to make itself responsible for State debts.

France.—Foreign Minister Briand made his first public utterance on the Austro-German customs project in the Senate on March 28, eight days after the plans were made public. While making plain his opposition to the union, he criticized especially the method, which he termed "disquieting and opposed to the best conditions for European collaboration." His strongest denunciation was reserved for opponents of his foreign policy, who had been outspoken in declaring that his work of conciliation of the last decade was futile, and he challenged his critics to propose a new and different course. The subsequent statements by Messrs. Henderson and Curtius did much to quiet the alarmist tone of many writers in the French press.

Following a debate in Parliament late in March, the last obstacles were removed in the matter of Anglo-French cooperation in the pipe-line from the Mosul oil fields to the Mediterranean. According to the terms of the settlement, the several interests will share a common line for the greater part of the distance (over 400 miles) to the coast, but separate terminals will be provided for French and British shipping, the former at Tripoli, the latter at Haifa. Several years will be needed to complete the construction of the line, which with its terminals will probably cost \$500,000,000. France's quota of the output of the field (just short of one-fourth) will be handled by the French Petroleum Company, a private corporation, in which the Government holds thirty-five per cent of the capital stock.

Germany.—On March 28, President von Hindenburg promulgated, at the request of the Bruening Cabinet, an emergency decree involving the "dictatorship clause" of the Constitution intended to help in the preservation of order and in curbing excesses. The new measure empowered local police authorities to forbid all parades, assemblies, mass meetings, speeches, printed matter, and other like things which, by attacking religious organizations, slandering public officials or in any other way might disturb public order and safety. Failure to announce the holding

of such meetings was declared punishable by not less than three months' imprisonment for the organizers, participants and owners of the property where the affair was held. Assemblies indoors in private quarters, with funerals and wedding receptions exempted, were also placed under the ban. Six months' imprisonment was set for the unlicensed carrying of weapons, not less than three months' imprisonment was the penalty for secret activities of members of a dissolved organization, and newspapers carrying unapproved proclamations or incitements to violence were to be punishable by suppression for a term up to six months. The decree was deemed expedient in consequence of the recent murder of a Communist Deputy of the Hamburg Legislature by National Socialist Stalwarts as well as by the increasing violence in the anti-religious, anti-Semitic and anti-Republican propaganda carried on by the extreme Right and Left opposition parties. It was understood that one reason for the promulgation of the decree was to thwart the announced Communist intention to organize violent anti-religious propaganda in connection with Eastertide. The "Nazis" spirit of anti-Semitism and the 300 political murders and deaths in street fighting provoked the Government to take stern measures. The dictatorial nature of the decree was softened by the provision that complaints against its operation may be taken to the Supreme Court. The press generally approved the measure. The *New York Times*, in an editorial comment, stated that "the Deputies are entitled to feel that they have vindicated their fitness for representative government."

Great Britain.—Cheers were given to the announcement made by Prime Minister MacDonald in the House of Commons that Philip Snowden, Chancellor of the Exchequer, would deliver his budget speech in person on April 27. Mr. Snowden is now slowly recovering from a serious illness. The budget, according to early estimates, did not show the great deficit that had been anticipated. In the first calculations, it was feared that the deficit would mount up to £30,000,000. This was decreased by about £7,000,000, and was said to be a nominal rather than a real deficit. Part of the items under governmental expenditure were applied to the redemption of national debts. The surplus of ordinary revenue over ordinary expenditure was estimated at about £43,000,000.

Publication of a series of letters between Stanley Baldwin and Lord Beaverbrook was assumed to be a formal announcement that peace had been made between these two in the Conservative party. The issues discussed in the letters were confined to questions of agricultural tariff, specifically the importation of foodstuffs into England. Lord Rothermere and Winston Churchill, however, gave no indication of an abatement of opposition to the Conservative leader. The latter seemed to be drawing further away from party affairs.

India.—Mahatma Gandhi completely dominated the All-India National Congress held at Karachi. The Youth

party and other extremists gained nothing by their demonstrations. The most important resolutions were those ratifying the truce agreed upon by Gandhi and Lord Irwin and deciding that Gandhi would lead a delegation to the next India Round Table Conference to be held in London. The Congress thus committed itself to the plan for a Federated India outlined at the last Round Table Conference. But Mahatma Gandhi and the other National leaders reaffirmed their allegiance to an ultimate program of complete independence from Great Britain. They also demanded, in the intermediate stage, national India control of finances, external relations, the army, etc., which were reserved to Great Britain in the plans for federation.

Ireland.—As a natural sequel to the position taken by the Free State representatives at the Imperial Conferences, the Free State Government, according to a statement made by Ernest Blythe, Vice-President and Minister for Finance, would hereafter tender advice directly to the King and not through the Dominions Office in London. The new method was first adopted at the visit to the King of Patrick McGilligan, Minister for External Affairs. Government documents, hereafter, will be stamped with the Irish Free State seal and not with the traditional Great Seal of the Realm.

On March 26, Timothy Michael Healy died at his home at Chapelizod, near Dublin. The funeral services were severely private. Mr. Healy was a leader in Irish opinion and politics for a half-century. He was a member of the British Parliament from 1880 till 1910, and while there was powerful in his own party and in the groups of that party. Upon the establishment of the Irish Free State he was appointed the first Governor General and served in that capacity from 1922 to 1927. He was in his seventy-fifth year at the time of his death.

Nicaragua.—A large section of Managua, the capital of Nicaragua, was destroyed by an earthquake at 10:10 a.m., March 31. The tremor lasted about six seconds and toppled down almost every building in the business district and other sections. Following the quake, fire started in the market place and quickly spread, completing the utter devastation of the city. The number of dead, at the present writing, was estimated at upwards of 1,000. The estimates of the wounded ran into the thousands. The amount of property damage was computed to be in excess of \$30,000,000. Martial law was immediately declared and order was maintained by the United States Marines and the Nicaragua National Guardsmen. According to the plans for withdrawal, the first contingent of the American Marines was to leave Nicaragua on April 1; orders were countermanded because of the emergency. Managua, according to the census of 1926, had a population of 32,536. Nearly 1,000 American citizens were residents in the city or its vicinity. Several of these were accounted among the dead, and a great number among

the injured. Relief was rushed to the stricken area by the Nicaraguan Government, by the United States, and by private agencies.

Poland.—With the ground already prepared by the agrarian conference held in Warsaw in June, 1930, and by frequent committee meetings since then, Poland planned a closer economic cooperation and envisioned a tariff union of the agrarian and semi-agrarian States of Central and Eastern Europe as her reply to the Austro-German customs agreement. The League of Nations was kept informed of the agrarian conferences and endorsed a resolution for a wider movement for tariff union. Czechoslovakia, Jugoslavia, Rumania and Poland, it was maintained, would join forces under the proposed plan to protect themselves against an industrial invasion and expand their own exports. A welcome was extended to other countries, such as Greece, Hungary and Bulgaria, should they wish to join the combination. The present economic crisis in Poland threatened a large budgetary deficit. The figures for February showed a deficit of 12,000,000 zloti (about \$1,350,000), revenues totaling 200,000,000 zloti and expenditures 212,000,000. The financial year ending on March 31 hardly wiped out the deficit of 17,000,000 zloti which accumulated in the last four months. The deficit, it was said, may even reach 50,000,000 zloti, the figure which Colonel Ignaz Matuszewski, Minister of Finance, mentioned in recent speeches. The Finance Minister was mentioned as a likely successor to Colonel Slawek, and a non-party man capable of adjusting the financial situation. With the return of Marshal Pilsudski, however, from a four months' vacation in Madeira, it was hoped that with his advice and direction the Slawek Government might initiate a vigorous economic program. In fact the Marshal stated that heroic measures both for reducing expenditures and increasing revenues were needed in order to secure a sound budget, which he referred to as the country's foremost necessity and the Government's first duty.

Russia.—A special cable from Henry Wales, correspondent, to the *Chicago Tribune*, dated March 25, described the appalling conditions under which the writer found living the exiled kulaks, the expropriated peasant proprietors. The cable, which was sent by mail from Paris, was uncensored, and was in considerable contrast to the optimistic (censored) communications that had been syndicated from Mr. Wales. Thrust into a church converted into a "charnel house," in the northern city of Arkhangel, Mr. Wales found hundreds of these men waiting "like wild beasts in a menagerie" for their interminable tramp through snow and ice to their final places of deportation. He wrote:

Sprawled amid ragged bedding and dirty straw, or sitting on the bunks with legs dangling, these broken men hang on day after day with scarcely enough nourishment to keep life in their bodies. . . . At night they prowl the city streets, rummaging in garbage cans. . . .

Nearly all the kulaks are middle-aged, or at least past forty.

Congress Resolutions

Diplomatic Changes

Timothy Michael Healy

Managua Earthquake

Economic Cooperation

Misery of Kulaks

Most of them are forty-five, fifty, or older, men who by thrift and industry attained dominating positions in their native villages before expulsion. . . .

All were clad in rags and tatters, their boots torn and burst open, permitting snow and ice to enter with every step. They have bound rags onto their skeleton forms with rope, string, wire, anything to hold some protection against the bitter cold blasts of the Arctic winds. . . . Like specters they sat with eyes staring straight ahead, unseeing, unmoving, unspeaking. . . . The dread stigma of *kulak* outlaws them from all others. It classes them as a new class of bourgeois threatening to become another capitalist menace because their greater thrift and ability gave them ascendancy over other peasants in their native villages. . . . Whole families of kulaks live in dug-in caves in the ground like rodents, or in flimsy shelters made of bits of plank, branches of trees, sheets of tin, [etc.]. . . . Those who die here are stripped of their clothing and buried naked. . . . It is the plan of the Government to colonize the north districts with exiles.

Replied Michael Tzetlin, vice-chairman of the executive committee of Soviet Arkhangel, to Mr. Wales:

The liquidation of the kulaks is a great reform measure—an emergency similar to mobilization in war time. It is hard on them. So was freeing the slaves hard on Southern plantation owners in America. So was the prohibition law, which legislated out of business an entire industry in America. The evolution of Soviet Russia may entail other drastic measures, and the outside world is not entitled to interfere in our domestic affairs.

A warning was issued by one of the many German engineers who recently visited Russia to other members of his profession, advising them not to go there for less than \$250 a month, if at all. At a hotel in Kharkov the author was forced to pay \$25 a day. Eighty per cent of the German Communist workers in this mining camp, though without hope of finding work back home, fled after a few days, unable to live on rations of dried fish and bread.

Spain.—Minister of Finance Juan Ventosa announced on March 26 that the Government had arranged a foreign credit of \$60,000,000 through American and European bankers, to assist in the stabilization of the peseta. J. P. Morgan and Co. were said to head the group of American banks, who in the aggregate would furnish \$38,000,000 to the fund. It was made clear that the Government's intention was not to effect an artificial stability, but to provide sufficient ready funds to prevent such speculative attacks on the peseta as were charged with its decline last July, and on several occasions during the dictatorship of De Rivera. The Minister of Finance was at pains to point out that it was a credit operation and not a loan, as the latter would have required Parliamentary approval.

Ukraine.—A series of charges against the prevailing Government regime of terror and violence in Polish Ukraine were filed with the Secretariat of the League of Nations by Ukrainian minority leaders, committees and organizations, at home and abroad, and were discussed informally by League delegates on January 25. They were entrusted for further study to a commission composed of British Foreign Minister Henderson, the Nor-

wegian Minister Mowinkel, and the Italian Delegate Pilotti, in order to be presented at the Council meeting in May of this year. Mass arrests were reported early in March from Soviet Ukraine, in Kiev, Kharkov, Odessa, Poltova, and many other smaller places, of Ukrainian officers, teachers, officials, and students. Although evidently planned to inspire respect for the Soviet power, they demonstrated as well the intensity of Ukrainian national feeling despite all repressive measures.

League of Nations.—More sober opinion at Geneva appeared to hold that the proposed Austro-German customs union was simply a natural step in that process of economic consolidation to which all neighboring European States were being driven by the pressure of the United States and Russia. It made more apparent the need of some form of European federation. Mr. Henderson, British Foreign Minister, was reported as intending to bring up the question of the Austro-German treaty's legitimacy under the League Covenant, at the meeting of the European Union Committee in Geneva on May 15, and at the Council meeting opening May 18. A highly actual point, however, would be whether the interpellation would be based on Article XI, paragraph 2, of the Covenant, or on Article XIV. If the former article were involved, it would be on the basis that any member nation has the "friendly right" to draw the Council's attention to a threat of "disturbance of international peace"; which, of course, would imply that the proposed treaty was such a threat. Article XIV, however, provides that the Council may ask the World Court for an advisory opinion concerning "any dispute of an international character."

The delegation appointed by the financial committee of the League for establishing, under League auspices, an international bank for farm credits, undertook on March 29 to consider the detailed text for the bank's charter which had been drafted by a subcommittee. The latter had also prepared a draft of an international convention for the establishment of the bank. Though public in character, it would be run like a private bank. Credit needs of the Balkan countries were particularly held in view.

Next week, G. C. Heseltine, who is an assistant editor of *G. K.'s Weekly*, the organ of G. K. Chesterton and the Distributists, will contribute another of his occasional pieces on the Heresy of Modernity. He will write on "Modern Travel."

The fifth of Father Talbot's dramatic Resurrection Scenes will also appear next week. It will be entitled "Behind Barred Doors."

Some time ago a newspaper man wrote in these columns of the necessity of having press clubs in our colleges. Next week, J. A. Toomey, in "The Birth of a College News Bureau," will tell of one such club actually in operation.

Austro-German
Treaty

Cost of
Living

Foreign
Credit

Farm
Credit
Bank

Complaints
Lodged

AMERICA

A CATHOLIC REVIEW OF THE WEEK

SATURDAY, APRIL 11, 1931

Entered as second-class matter, April 15, 1909, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized on June 29, 1918.

WILFRID PARSONS
Editor-in-Chief
PAUL L. BLAKELY
JOHN LAFARGE
FRANCIS X. TALBOT
CHARLES I. BOYLE
Associate Editors
WILLIAM I. LONERGAN
JAMES A. GREELEY

FRANCIS P. LEBUFFE, Business Manager

SUBSCRIPTION POSTPAID
United States, 10 cents a copy; yearly, \$4.00
Canada, \$4.50 - - - - Europe, \$5.00

Addresses:
Publication Office, 461 Eighth Avenue, New York, N. Y., U. S. A.
Telephone: Medallion 3-3082

Editors' Office, 329 West 108th Street, New York, N. Y.

CABLE ADDRESS: CATHREVIEW

Stamps should be sent for the return of rejected manuscripts.

The Catholic Maternity Clinic

THE disastrous decision of the Federal Council of Churches once more emphasizes the need of Catholic maternity clinics. That decision will undoubtedly open the way to very grave abuses. It will stimulate the founding of so-called "maternity clinics," commercialized institutions conducted for profit, and for the purpose of making maternity impossible, and it will garb with a cloak of respectability certain physicians who specialize in cases with which their reputable brethren do not care to be associated.

Loose interpretations of the statutes will probably permit most of these immoral and unscientific institutions to continue. Unless a healthy public opinion can be directed against them, they cannot be suppressed. But when it is proposed to introduce these dangerous and repulsive practices into institutions supported at the public expense, decent men should protest, and adopt the means to make their protest felt.

In his letter of March 25 to the diocesan director of the Council of Catholic Men, Archbishop McNicholas of Cincinnati, registers a solemn protest against "the contraceptive and sterilization clinics, and the program of the [local] Committees on Maternal Health." In particular the Archbishop protests "in the name of all Catholic citizens against the General Hospital carrying on such a clinic." And he writes, in strong but wholly justifiable language:

We remind Catholics that whatever scientific terms are used, whatever cloak of respectability is thrown about contraceptive or sterilization clinics for married people by their patrons, these clinics mean, if we call things by their right names, according to Catholic morality, nothing more or less than agencies to promote mutual masturbation of husbands and wives. Catholics under no condition can become members of any committee or society that has for its object the promotion of such moral turpitude. The consciences of those receiving treatment at these clinics for the purpose of defeating the ends of marriage, and also of those who contribute to their support, must accuse them of grave sin.

Reminding the authorities that in the metropolitan area of Cincinnati, Catholics constitute about fifty per cent of the population, the Archbishop demands that Catholics

shall not be taxed to support in the General Hospital "a clinic which every true Catholic must in conscience condemn." He calls upon Catholics "to make an absolute cleavage between themselves" and all who support these immoral practices, and invites them "to oppose men for any public office in our community or State who promote such clinics."

The Archbishop nobly fulfils his duty as a citizen, and as a leader of Christ's flock. After pointing out the impossibility of Catholic cooperation with this pagan immorality, Archbishop McNicholas calls the attention of his people to the four Catholic hospitals in Cincinnati and its vicinity in which treatment can be had by expectant mothers "at merely nominal cost." We trust that the Archbishop will have the undivided support not only of Catholics, but of all men and women who look with horror upon these attacks on marriage and the home. Not the least effective method of meeting them is found in the support of the Catholic hospital and maternity clinic.

Brother Joseph of Molokai

WHEN Brother Joseph Dutton died in Honolulu on the day after Our Lady's Annunciation, many of us felt that we had somehow lost an incentive to virtue that had served us well in more than one of life's crises. The knowledge that men can relinquish every worldly ambition to serve Christ's stricken brethren makes Christianity and the supernatural as real, and almost as tangible, as wet lilacs and sunlit seas. Virtue is never so attractive as when we see it in action. It has a power to make us believe that we too can rise above this fallen nature of ours to a fellowship with the saints.

Brother Joseph was a man who for many years had preached the loving charity of Our Lord Jesus Christ. Not by word but by his example he made Christ real to thousands of the afflicted in the land of the living death. "I am ashamed to think that I am inclined to be jolly," he wrote in his eighty-third year. "Often think we don't know that our Lord ever laughed, and here my laugh is ready to burst out any minute." *Ibant gaudentes* was said of the English martyrs under the Tudors, and like them, Brother Joseph went to his death laughing.

A son of Vermont, this convert to the Catholic Church had a long and varied career. Enlisting in a Wisconsin zouave regiment in 1861, he fought for four years, and came out with the rank of captain. Then for eight years he worked under the War Department. Little is known of the years that followed, but after his reception into the Church, and almost two years spent in the Trappist Monastery in Kentucky, he made his way on foot to San Francisco, where he embarked in a small sailing vessel to join Father Damien of Molokai. Landing at Kalaupapa on July 29, 1886, he was met by the famous apostle. Three years later Father Damien went to his reward, and Joseph Dutton took his place as head of the workers among the lepers, and there he remained for forty-four years. But age was bearing him down, and last July he was forced to leave his lepers, and seek hospital care in Honolulu.

Not unworthy is Joseph Dutton, servant of the lepers,

of association with Damien, or with any of the long list of Christian heroes who have followed Our Lord in His mission of mercy and compassion. The editors of *AMERICA* had delightful relations with him by letter. For his brave soul we ask of our readers a prayer.

A Famous School Closes

FORTY-THREE years ago, the Rev. Francis J. Finn, S.J., of happy memory, began to publish his stories for boys, and for more than a generation Tom Playfair, Percy Wynn, and Harry Dee, exercised an influence that can hardly be calculated. Father Finn's books not only portrayed the Catholic American boy at his best—and occasionally in his less admirable aspects—but constituted a powerful argument in defense of Catholic education. Their vivid portrayal of life at a Catholic school appealed irresistibly to thousands of boys in the later 'eighties and early 'nineties, and they flocked not only to Tom Playfair's beloved "St. Maure's," but to other Catholic institutions throughout the country. When the history of Catholic higher education is written, the wise historian will give due recognition to Father Finn, and to St. Mary's College, St. Marys, Kansas, the school which inspired his pen.

Regretfully will that historian chronicle the fact that in September, 1931, the doors of St. Mary's were closed. For some years a heavy burden of debt foreshadowed what has now come to pass. Alumni who in other days would gladly have come to the rescue of their Alma Mater, were themselves weighed down by the financial depression. Plans that had been formed to take over the financial obligations of the famous school, and to provide at least the nucleus of an endowment, had to be relinquished.

They reached this conclusion with regret, for, in the words of the editor of the *Kansas City Star*, "so long and efficiently had this seat of classical learning been associated with the growth and development of cultural ideals, not only in this State, but beyond its borders, that its perpetuity seemed beyond doubt or question. Its alumni of half a century, filling in the nation varied spheres of professional and industrial life with distinction, felt that St. Mary's would always continue." When it became plain that St. Mary's must close its doors to the secular student, to reopen as a theological seminary, they bowed to the inevitable, but only as men resign themselves to the death of one long and dearly loved.

In their regret, as in their resignation, we share. It is at least possible that at some future day, a new and greater St. Mary's will be built on the memories and traditions of the old. But that day will not come until Catholic higher education can look to financial resources which at present do not exist. The watcher in the long night of straitened circumstances still watches; hope struggles with reality, but, in spite of that bitter reality, survives. When it dies, what will become of our effort to provide educational facilities for our young men and women?

There is hardly a task of more serious moment before

our Catholic people. With the new demands made upon our colleges by various standardizing agencies, some good, some sheer folly, but all necessitating new financial outlays, the Catholic college which relies wholly upon tuition fees and chance gifts cannot long survive. We must have the intelligent interest and support of an alert and active alumni, and the closing of St. Mary's might well form a subject for discussion at the meeting of the National Catholic Alumni Federation in Chicago on April 24. The administrators and faculties need their aid in discovering new ways and means of raising revenue and of vitalizing the few that now exist. Not much longer can they carry the burden alone.

As the Bishop of Cleveland, the Rt. Rev. Joseph Schrembs, observed last year, on the occasion of the reorganization of John Carroll University, the support of Catholic higher education should rest upon no one section of the Catholic body. It is a duty which belongs to no one Religion Order or Congregation, but, in its degree, to every Catholic, cleric and lay. This duty must be forthwith recognized and fulfilled, unless we are content to see our Catholic boys and girls deprived of the inestimable benefits of a Catholic college training. Without the Catholic college, from what source shall we draw the priest to minister at the altar, the leader to exemplify in the professions the teachings of Christian faith and morality, the educated Catholic laity, unashamed of the Gospel in this day of a subtle and pervading paganism?

Hard Times and Capitalism

IT is pleasant to learn from the Assistant Secretary of Commerce, Dr. Julius Klein, that "the worst of the depression is behind us." This does not mean, he warns us, that business is as usual. We are in the state of a convalescent who is thankful for his recovery, but keenly mindful of the fact that he will be more or less, and rather more, of an invalid for the next few months. The Department of Labor comes to the assistance of Dr. Klein by reporting "an upward swing in employment and pay-rolls" during the month of February.

We hope that these statements are true as well as pleasant. To cry "wolf" when no wolf is in sight is almost as reprehensible as to keep quiet when he comes into the clearing. Like Missus Gummidge, most of us are inclined to feel our woes more than others do, and to extract new sadness from the rumors of the day. But when we learn from so responsible an official as Daniel Willard, president of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, that some six million workers are still idle, we begin to suspect that Dr. Klein and the Department of Labor have lately been fitted with rose-colored spectacles. "I can think of nothing more deplorable," said Mr. Willard, "than the condition of a man, willing to work and able to work, but unable to secure work, with no resources but his labors and with others dependent upon him." And while Mr. Willard appears in the role of a defender of the existing economic and labor standards, he admits that these standards have failed to promote a general distribution of wealth, or even to guarantee steady employment.

Six million men out of work means that at least three times that number of dependents are on the verge of destitution. We then have the spectacle of some 24,000,000 men, women and children, in want. Let this condition go on for a few weeks, and something like a fifth part of the population will be forced to subsist on charity, or to starve. Considering that most Americans are willing to work, these continually recurring periods of widespread destitution in the richest country in the world, indicate that the dominant system of capitalism has, in Mr. Willard's mild phrase, failed to promote a general distribution of wealth, or even to guarantee steady employment.

Mr. Willard asserts that were he unable to obtain work, he would steal rather than starve. His choice of the word "steal" is open to criticism, since, all other means of relief failing, a man may without violation of the natural or the Divine law, appropriate what is necessary for his subsistence. What is mine is mine, but the natural right of ownership must yield, in the supposition as stated, to the right of a starving man to live.

Correct as is this principle of ethics, it is obviously open to abuse. That it has been abused so seldom is a tribute to the character of the American worker. Let not capital presume too far upon his forbearance, but, rather, set its house in order, in accordance with the dictates of justice and charity.

Federal Film Censorship

ONCE more the meddlesome Matties and the Paul Prys are swarming over the land. This time their point of attack is the moving picture, a field in which, it must be confessed, there is need for sanity and a little art. But sanity and art are precisely the endowments which the Matties and the Prys are totally unable to comprehend.

They propose to reform the moving picture by an act of Congress. A Federal Board of Censorship is to be created, and two possible schemes are suggested. Under the first, every film produced in this country, or brought in from abroad, would be reviewed and certified by the Board, under penalty of exclusion from all interstate commerce. Under the alternative plan, authority would be lodged with a Federal official, probably the Federal District attorney, to delate any film to Washington for examination. Pending examination, the film would be withdrawn, and remain withdrawn in case of an adverse decision.

If these plans seem worthy of the March Hare, let us remember that schemes equally bad—Federal Prohibition, for instance, and the Mann Act—are now part of the law of the land. All that can be said of this project to reform the moving pictures is that while both schemes are wholly unsound, the first is somewhat worse than the second.

To begin with, it is an utter perversion of the Constitution to wrest the interstate-commerce clause into a sense which permits censorship of what, in itself, is a legitimate form of expressing an opinion. For many years we have been so gaily playing fast and loose with the Con-

stitution that one might have thought the limit had been reached. This new scheme shows the error of that view. To twist a clause intended to regulate commerce between the, at that time, hostile and suspicious States, into a Federal control of the expression of opinion, indicates that the possibilities of plausible folly are beyond all limitation.

Next, a Federal Board of Censorship contains possibilities of graft, plunder, and corruption, unequalled even by the Prohibition scheme. In these corrupt days, it is with difficulty that any government, State or Federal, applies itself to genuinely authorized duties. The establishment of a board, applying itself to duties forbidden the Federal Government by the Constitution, is an open invitation to all masters of guile and graft to open an office at Washington.

Finally, is there in Washington any power of control in this matter, any intelligence, any moral zeal, not possessed by the several States? If we simply *must* indulge in more legislation, let us begin in a local field—and then sit down to watch that local board. It will most probably bear watching.

On the Battle Front

A MARK of Christ's Church is its power to make Saints. Characteristic of the Church are its hidden Saints and its unsung heroes. Most of them, in all probability, are in our schools and colleges, hard-working teachers, tireless administrators. We recognize, with no difficulty, the heroism of the missionary. But to many of us, the teacher is merely a drab and unconsidered figure in the background.

One of these men died at Xavier University in Cincinnati last February, a member of the Society of Jesus, whose name was Hubert Brockman. A slight frail figure, he had energy enough for a dozen men, and as he used it without sparing himself, it is not surprising to know that he wore himself out at a fairly early age. He was one of those purposeful men who listen with incredulity and a certain impatience, when associates remind them of the limits of human endurance. "I can't stop now," he protested, a week before he died. "There is so much to be done." The words recall the great Apostle who could not spare himself when he thought of the needs of Christ's flock. Obedience alone could send him to the hospital, and there, convinced at last that his illness was dangerous, he made ready for the last journey. "I think I can take a little rest now," he said to the Sister, after receiving the last Sacraments. Five minutes later, he began his rest, a long, long rest, in the bosom of God.

In a sense, the noble group of buildings which, as Rector, Father Brockman planned and completed at Xavier University is his monument. But in a Religious Order, such achievements are wholly impersonal, for the individual is nothing, and the cause all. Father Brockman will live as long as the hearts that knew and loved him live. He will live forever in the Heart of the Master whom he served with a zeal that never thought of self, and with a love that never counted the cost.

The New Paganism

HILAIRE BELLOC

(Copyright, 1931)

WE call paganism an absence of the Christian revelation. That is why we distinguish between paganism and the different heresies; that is why we give the name of Christian to imperfect and distorted Christians, who only possess a part of Catholic truth and usually add to it doctrines which are contradictory of Catholic truth. Moreover the word *Christian*, though so vague as to be dangerous, has this much truth about it: that there is something different between the general atmosphere or savor of any society or person or literature which can be called Christian at all and those which are wholly lacking in any part of Christian doctrine.

Now it must be evident to everybody that there are spreading over what used to be the Christian world larger and larger areas over which the Christian spirit has wholly failed, is absent. I mean by "larger areas" both larger moral and larger physical areas, but especially larger moral areas. There are now whole groups of books, whole bodies of men, which are definitely pagan, and these are beginning to join up into larger groups. There are considerable masses of literature in the modern world of philosophy and history (and especially of fiction) which are pagan. It is not so much that they deny the Incarnation and the Resurrection, nor even that they ignore doctrine. It is rather that they contradict, oppose, or at the best leave quite aside the old inherited Christian system of morals to which people used to adhere long after they had given up definite doctrine.

This New Paganism is already a world of its own, it bulks large, and as it is certainly going to spread and occupy more and more of modern life, it is exceedingly important that we should judge rightly and in good time of what its effects will probably be. For we are going to come under the influence of those effects to some extent, and our children will come very strongly under their influence. Those effects are already impressing themselves profoundly upon the press, conversation, laws, and intimate habits of our time.

There are two ways in which this is happening. It is happening in Catholic countries by the separation of a pagan set from the rest of the citizens. In those countries the full body of Christian doctrine, that is, Catholicism, puts up a permanent and successful resistance. Their consequences in morals are accepted by masses of people who do not practise the Catholic religion or who are indifferent to its doctrines, and this resistance shows no sign of weakening. Not everywhere are the governments of Catholic countries in sympathy with Catholic tradition, however vague, but in these countries the laws defending morals and the general habits of people outside the pagan set may properly be called anti-pagan.

In the Protestant countries it is otherwise. In these the New Paganism is spreading by infiltration and is beginning to leaven the whole lump. You find it, not in a par-

ticular set nor in particular circumstances, but in some degree everywhere; and it meets no organized resistance.

But though the way in which the New Paganism is establishing itself differs according to whether the society in which it establishes itself was originally Catholic or Protestant, it is everywhere of much the same tone, and its effects are very similar, whether you find them in Italy or in Berlin, in an English novel or a French one; and the marks peculiar to paganism are very clearly apparent in all.

Of these marks the two most prominent are, first, the postulate that man is sufficient to himself—that is, the omission of the idea of Grace; the second, a consequence of this, despair.

Now, besides the obvious lure of the senses which tempt a man to have done with restriction, one lure out of many which attract men to the New Paganism is the lure of antiquity. This may sound fantastic, because most modern people who fall into the New Paganism know nothing about the paganism of antiquity; there never was a time when educated men had a larger proportion among them ignorant of Latin and Greek since first Greek was taught in the universities of Western Europe; and there was certainly never a time during the last 2,000 years when the mass of people, the workers, were given less knowledge of the past and were less in sympathy with tradition.

None the less, it is true that the idea of pagan antiquity as a model runs through the whole new movement. With a few brilliant men it is at first hand, with most people at second, third, fourth or fifth. But it is there with every one; there is a general knowledge that men were once free from the burden of Christian duty, and a widespread belief that when men were free from it life was better because it was more rational and directed to things of which we could all be sure and test for ourselves, such as the health of body and physical comforts and pleasant surroundings, and the rest. To direct life again to these objects, making man once more sufficient to himself and treating temporal good as the supreme good, is the note of the New Paganism.

Now what seems to me by far the most important thing to point out in this connection is that the underlying assumption in all this is false. The New Paganism differs and must differ radically from the old; its consequences in human life will be quite different, presumably much worse, and increasingly worse.

The reason of this is that you cannot undo an experience. You cannot cut off a man or a society from their past, and the world of Christendom has had the experience of the Faith. When it moves away from the Faith to return to paganism again, it is not doing the same thing, not producing the same emotions, not passing through the same process, not suffering the same reac-

tions, as the old Paganism did, which was in process of moving towards the Faith. It is one thing to go south from the Arctic towards the civilized parts of Europe, it is quite another thing to go north from the civilized parts of Europe to the Arctic. You are not merely recovering a place from which you started, you are going through a contrary series of emotions the whole time.

The New Paganism, should it ever become universal, or over whatever districts or societies it may become universal, will never be what the Old Paganism was.

The Old Paganism was profoundly traditional; indeed, it had no roots except in tradition. Deep reverence for its own past and for the wisdom of its ancestry and pride therein were the very soul of the Old Paganism; that is why it formed so solid a foundation on which to build the Catholic Church, though that is also why it offered so long and determined a resistance to the growth of the Catholic Church. But the New Paganism has for its very essence contempt for tradition and contempt of ancestry. It respects perhaps nothing, but least of all does it respect the spirit of "Our fathers have told us."

The Old Paganism worshiped human things, but the noblest human things, particularly reason and the sense of beauty. In these it rose to heights greater than have since been reached, perhaps, and certainly to heights as great as were ever reached by mere reason or in the mere production of beauty during the Christian centuries.

But the New Paganism despises reason, and boasts that it is attacking beauty. It presents with pride music that is discordant, building that is repellent, pictures which are a mere chaos, and it ridicules the logical process, so that it has made of the very word *logical* a sort of sneer.

The Old Paganism was of a sort that would be open, when due time came, to the authority of the Catholic Church. It had ears which at last would hear and eyes which at last would see; but the New Paganism not only has closed its senses but is atrophying them, so that it aims at a state in which there shall be no ears to hear and no eyes to see.

The one was growing keener in its sight and its hearing; the other is advancing towards a condition where the society it informs will be blind and deaf even to the main natural pleasures of life and to temporal truths. It will be incapable of understanding what they are all about.

The Old Paganism had a strong sense of the supernatural. This sense was often turned to the wrong objects and always to insufficient objects, but it was keen and unflinching; all the poetry of the Old Paganism, even where it despaired, has this sense. And you may read in those of its writers who actively opposed religion, such as Lucretius, a fine religious sense of dignity and order. The New Paganism delights in superficiality and conceives that it is rid of the evil as well as the good in what it believes to have been superstitions and illusions.

There it is quite wrong, and upon that note I will end. Men do not live long without gods, but when the gods of the New Paganism come they will not be merely false, they will be evil. One might put it in a sentence, and say that the New Paganism, foolishly expecting satisfaction, will fall, before it knows where it is, into Satanism.

Pan-Americanism à la Mode

E. FRANCIS McDEVITT

WHEN I view those Oriental idols, flatly squatting with their shirt fronts open to the waist disclosing an ample paunch far out of proportion with the rest of the figures, I always laugh. This is not because the life-size ikons are the rather grotesque symbols of Eastern belief; that would hardly be sporting. But it is the faces. The synthetic countenance of a Ringling clown or of a cinema funny-man could be hardly more laughable to me than the benignly smug smile that wreaths the physiognomy of Mr. Buddha.

Well, Mr. Standard Oil sat in his deck chair one sunny day en route to South America, and I had already laughed before I remembered my manners. For there sat Buddha in the most prosaic surroundings, a trifle more active than an ikon, what with his omniscient gesturing and the funny bobbing of his head. I thought of my last trip to the art museum and again laughed . . . this time, judiciously to myself. I caught some verbal wisps that strung out from between his lips and they matched his face perfectly. The more he talked, the less I thought of Buddha himself, who, I have been told, was not the equivalent of an Oriental bovine.

"Now take these 'spiks'," he said serenely to his muted friend beside him. "They're good enough chaps, I suppose, in their own way, but I've lived with them for twenty years and if I was a brain collector, I'd be some flop. They don't know anything. And that's why we're down in South America, we Americans, to show 'em how to do things. Any one of my boys can pass 'em in a walk. Take my line, for instance. They have to yell to the Standard Oil to come and find their wells, drill 'em, buy 'em, and sell 'em. What burns me up, Jim, is that they don't care. They just moon around all day saying '*señor*' and '*mañana*' and getting nowhere. It's a good thing the U. S. is north of 'em to teach 'em something . . . or trying to . . ."

I turned aside to watch a steamer approach us off the bow, and came face to face with Señor Serrador, tall and slim and immaculate.

"Good afternoon," he said with a flashing smile and a little droop of the head. "The day is very fine, no?"

I glanced over my shoulder toward my friend in the deck chair.

"Sir, can you tell me what boat that ought to be?" I asked him.

Mr. Standard Oil sprang up and came to the rail, precisely as I thought he would.

"Why, sure, that's the Northern Prince," he said without hesitation. "Look at the bow. I ought to know. I've made this run thirty-eight times."

Señor Serrador raised his brows, ever so slightly.

"If I may interrupt," he said, "permit me to say that the Northern Prince, I believe, is now in Buenos Aires. That, I think, is a freighter."

"You're crazy," Mr. Standard Oil blustered. "I'd know that bow anywhere."

The purser asked Señor Serrador and myself that night if we had seen the huge freighter pass by that afternoon.

My first Pan-American experiment was successful. Bringing the elements together after that was less difficult. I planned to place my friends in juxtaposition that same night and study further reactions.

My opportunity arrived an hour after the purser had left us. We were sitting in the smoking room, Señor Serrador and I. Mr. Standard Oil, with his Buddha-like paunch and smile, filled the doorway, although we had anticipated his visit several moments before as he trumpeted along the deck.

"Sure," he was saying to his still mute friend as he heaved through the door. "Money and efficiency are all that count nowadays. Hello, there!"

He smiled blandly and slid into a chair opposite us.

"Have a 'smile'?" he said.

We thanked him and a few moments later were lifting our glasses toward him.

"Here's to you," I said.

"*Salud*," was Señor Serrador's toast.

"Here's to the good old U. S. A.! I leave twice a year and want to get back all the time I'm away," Mr. S. O. declared.

"Of course, you love your country, too," Señor Serrador said graciously.

"Of course, señor. Why not? It's the only place on earth."

"It is a very promising country," the Argentinian said softly, with the slightest twinkle in his dark eyes. "You have started well."

"Started, sir," Mr. S. O. expostulated. "Started? Why we started where you fellows left off about four centuries ago. Who's doing things down there anyhow? You drive our cars, wear our clothes, sing our songs—"

"*Si, bueno*, but we think our own thoughts, señor."

"Thoughts! Take my line for instance, who owns your fuel industry, who—"

"Your first President, Washington, he is dead, no?" Señor Serrador smiled. "He was a great man, worthy to be the father of a country such as yours. Bolivar was also a great man and he wanted to cooperate with the United States. But when the Standard Oil was not, and people were driving horses and—what do you say? is it buggies?—in the States, then Mr. Monroe became President and told us that friendship with us was what the United States wanted so much. For you see the United States did not care for England and Germany down here. And so it is that you own the oil and sell automobiles to us, and England still sells us street-car rides."

"You fellows are always talking about Bolivar. One of the fellows you make statues out of, isn't he?" Mr. S. O. said scornfully. "But, say, statues don't make prosperity except when you melt them down."

"There is something about statues that indicate a certain kind of prosperity, perhaps not the cash kind, but prosperity nevertheless. Thus you have your memorials to Lincoln and Washington." Señor Serrador was no longer smiling.

"Well, we're in the twentieth century now and we can't be thinking too much about the seventeenth. Life's too short. But take it from me, señor, you little boys

keep your eyes open and listen to Big Brother in the North. Well, I'm off for a turn on the deck."

He hunched himself up to a standing position and drifted away. Señor Serrador smiled again.

"You like him, no?" he said.

"I always thought Buddha was so funny looking," I answered, deliberately evasive, involuntarily to the point. He really did not understand the reason for my sly attempt at humor, but he sipped his Sauterne and said:

"Buddha was smart, no?"

My second experiment was also quite satisfactory.

Mr. S. O. joined us in the salon at midnight. Señor Serrador was leading the conversation. He and his friends, into whose circle he had brought me, were comparing the severance of the American colonies from Great Britain and the rebellion of Spanish America. Mr. S. O. sat heavily down beside me, puffing pompously. Señor Serrador turned and nodded, and then proceeded with his resumé of the events that immediately followed the two revolutions.

"Latin America," he was saying, "retained the better half of Spain and threw away the lesser. Much of the culture and traditions of North America's mother country were left behind and so the United States was somewhat ready for materialistic progress. England's long-standing art and culture became something to be respected, borrowed, imitated, if you will, something apart from America instead of part of the new nation. Perhaps, our American friend here would say, *muy bueno*."

Mr. S. O. having spent so many years in South America, had picked up some Spanish, but he now looked from one to another of the group and laughed.

"Like an old Tuesday Ladies' Club," he said. "Come on! Let's do something. . . ."

Señor Serrador stepped to the talking machine. He slid a disc on the revolving plate and soon Verdi's arias tinkled about the room. The South Americans sat listening intently as "Swear to Me in This Solemn Hour" and "Cavalleria Rusticana" seemed to shake their very souls and brought a liquid sparkle to their eyes. The lyrical minutes piled up as Señor Serrador stood by the machine like an entrepreneur, his gaze swinging across the immobile faces of his friends. At times his look hovered over Mr. S. O. who sat back, half nodding, his expression a composite portrait of all the bored countenances worldlings have ever seen.

Shortly after he arose laboriously and declared that he would "turn about the deck."

"*Un momento*," my Argentine friend called after him. "There is more entertainment I have for you."

Mr. S. O.'s face brightened and he hesitated at the door, his hand on the knob. Señor Serrador disappeared but returned in a few moments.

"Come," he said, his hands waving us all toward him. He held out under the light a small medallion with a diamond pendant. It was a simple thing, even though the precious stone dangling from its tip sparkled brilliantly, lavishly. Mr. S. O.'s eyes were all attention.

"Fetch a lot," he said fingering the jeweled teardrop.

"Nothing, señor, would fetch it," was the quiet reply.

"Diamonds are all right for rings and necklaces. Now what do you want one of those things for? You never wear it, do you?"

"I am afraid to. This medal has been in my family for generations. It came over with Pizarro and the *Conquistadores*. It dropped from the throat of one of Pizarro's chiefs in battle, was picked up by another and finally lost when some of the Spaniards fell into the hands of the Indians. One of my ancestors saw it hanging about the neck of a native captor and it entranced him. One night he crept behind the native, bashed in his head, ripped the chain and medal from his neck and made his escape. And here it is heavy with memories."

"Memories, bosh!" Mr. S. O. snorted. "You can't sell memories!"

"That is just it, señor. Memories are not marketable."

Mr. S. O. blinked once or twice, shook himself out of his stare, and stepped quickly out onto the deck.

"Your friend is fatigued," Señor Serrador said with that elfish smile one did not expect to find at any time in his dusky face.

A few moments later I, too, took "a turn about the deck" before retiring. So it was that Mr. S. O. and I fell talking again, alone.

"Brainless lot," he ventured, and I was busy watching my reagents work. "Hardly know the world is moving along," he went on between cigar puffs, "and the world doesn't know they exist."

"What world?" I said. "It's a large place, you know."

"That's just it," he answered. "You have to do big things in it to be heard and seen. Take my line, for instance. . . ."

"Oil, isn't it?"

"Everybody knows the Standard Oil. They're moving with the time, they're awake, on their toes. We're getting somewhere. Those sleepy 'spiks' don't know what things are all about."

"Oh, I wouldn't put it that way. I guess they're not specialists in oil, but, after all, they're not so bad. Take Dr. Serrador, for instance. . . ."

"Is that fellow a Doctor?"

"Oh, yes, Georgetown. His father owned some *estancias* or something. So it was college, of course. He toured the world for a while after he received his doctorate and then was offered the resident managership of several large coffee concerns. But he thought he'd take up engineering and went through an American engineering school. Still he felt that he hadn't found his stride and matriculated at Fordham Law School. Well, he passed through that. I think he is now the leader of a political party in the Argentine. Writes a book or two occasionally. . . ."

My Buddha, contrary to his usual form but like his stony double, had fallen silent. The glow in his cigar dulled and finally was seen no more. And still he was silent. Suddenly he turned and his smile returned.

"Well, he's still a 'spik,' isn't he?" he said, and walked away into the darkness under the bridge.

The Breaking of the Bread

FRANCIS TALBOT, S.J.

(Copyright, 1931. All rights reserved.)*

THE Scene: The fragrance of a spring afternoon hangs heavy along the solid Roman road that winds out from Jerusalem to the northwest. Olive groves and gardens fresh with orange blossoms fringe the roadway. Here and there is a friendly house, whitewashed and homely. Birds twitter overhead, and far overhead, in blue infinity, the sky is mellow and tinted with wisps of clouds of pearl. From the plateau to which the road rises, one looks down upon Jerusalem, some two leagues or more removed. From over one's shoulder, the sun sends its rich light against the turrets and the roofs, the walls and the palaces of the city.

Cleophas and Luke, with tunics tucked up and staffs in their hands, pause as they reach the plateau, and look back upon the city.

LUKE. (*sadly*) Jerusalem, Jerusalem.

CLEOPHAS. Come, Luke. Forget Jerusalem, for this afternoon, at least.

LUKE. Would that I could forget, Cleophas.

CLEOPHAS. Jerusalem is stale. Its stench rises from every house and every street. But here is the odor of clean hills and damp earth and orange blossoms.

(*The fourth in a series of Resurrection scenes.)

LUKE. It's like the silence of the clouds, almost. Down there, Jerusalem is raucous. It boils over with fever and excitement. Thank God, we're rid of its noise and its dust.

CLEOPHAS. The feel of it drove me insane. It closed me in like a prison cell.

LUKE. I couldn't stand another minute of it. (*After a pause*) Do you remember last Sunday, Cleophas? How we were coming down from Mount Olivet, and the crowds upon crowds of people came out to meet him, all waving palm branches and chanting: "Hosanna to the Son of David, blessed is he that comes in the name of the Lord, the King of Israel"?

CLEOPHAS. One week ago today.

LUKE. Do you remember how he wept? While the crowds were shouting! Do you remember how he said: "Jerusalem! Jerusalem!"? It made me shiver. And then he almost seemed to put a curse on the city. What was it? About its enemies beating it flat to the ground, and not leaving a stone upon a stone of it. Do you remember?

CLEOPHAS. I remember it well. Come. Jerusalem is still there, and God knows where he is.

LUKE. (*still lingering*) Jerusalem. Jerusalem.

- CLEOPHAS. We must reach Emmaus before the sun sets.
- LUKE. Jerusalem isn't the same to me, anymore.
- CLEOPHAS. It killed him.
- LUKE. (*pausing for a final look*) Well.
- CLEOPHAS. (*after a moment's thought*) Well. (*They link arms and step forward.*)
- VOICE FROM THE ROAD. (*cheerily*) Peace be to you, friends.
- CLEOPHAS AND LUKE. (*turn sullenly*) Peace be to you.
- STRANGER. (*with his hood shading his eyes from the sun and the sleeves of his tunic hanging over his hands, and wearing heavy sandals*) Are you also on your way to the hills?
- CLEOPHAS. We're heading for Emmaus.
- STRANGER. (*heartily*) I am going that way. May I join you?
- CLEOPHAS. We shall be happy. (*They proceed on their way.*)
- STRANGER. Friends are friends indeed on a lonely road. You seem deep in conversation. What makes you look so sad?
- LUKE. There's reason, these days.
- STRANGER. In this beautiful country? It's a glorious day.
- LUKE. It is, here. Not back there.
- STRANGER. Back where? Jerusalem?
- CLEOPHAS. (*irritated*) Of course. Are you a stranger in these parts?
- STRANGER. More or less. You mean Jerusalem?
- CLEOPHAS. (*more irritated*) I mean Jerusalem. Haven't you heard about Jesus?
- STRANGER. Jesus of Nazareth?
- CLEOPHAS. (*explosively*) There's only one Jesus. There's only one that preached the new doctrine and cured the sick. There was a prophet, mighty in work and word, before God and man.
- STRANGER. (*agreeably*) Yes, I know Jesus.
- LUKE. (*confidentially*) Were you there on Friday?
- STRANGER. Friday? I was not well on Friday. Since then, I have stayed in my little room. Tell me the news.
- LUKE. Thursday night the trouble began. You know how the High Priest and the Council hated Jesus. They were afraid of him. They thought he would start a rebellion and make himself a king.
- STRANGER. (*inquiringly*) Do you think that he wanted to be a king, like Herod?
- CLEOPHAS. Not exactly. He talked about a spiritual kingdom. I could never get his full meaning.
- LUKE. He had a claim to the throne. The people wanted to make him king. It's too late now.
- STRANGER. Don't the people want him?
- CLEOPHAS. (*again irritated*) He's dead.
- STRANGER. I understood he was alive.
- CLEOPHAS. (*losing patience*) Say, are you dead or alive? Don't you know that he was crucified last Friday, out there on Golgotha, the place they call Calvary? Have you ever been to Calvary?
- STRANGER. I ought to know Calvary well. I was present at an execution.
- LUKE. (*after a pause*) And so, they put him to death. And we were hoping that he would make himself a king! He let himself be caught and crucified like a common bandit. It's awful.
- STRANGER. It's tragic, the way you put it.
- LUKE. (*after sipping the bitterness*) Nothing has happened.
- STRANGER. What would you expect to happen?
- CLEOPHAS. We weren't exactly sure, but we knew that something ought to happen on the third day. That is what he told us: "Wait for the third day."
- STRANGER. The third day isn't over yet. Hasn't anything happened?
- LUKE. Not very much. Early this morning, some of the women of our company went out to the graveyard to anoint his dead body. They found the tomb empty and the body gone.
- STRANGER. Weren't there any traces, or any clues?
- LUKE. These women said they saw an angel. They swore to it, and wouldn't change their story. They were not hysterical. I know, because I am a doctor.
- CLEOPHAS. They said the angel told them that Jesus was alive!
- STRANGER. Didn't that make you happy?
- LUKE. That is what the women said the angel said. The women weren't lying. Some of the men rushed out to the graveyard to check up on the story. They found everything as the women had said.
- STRANGER. Are you searching for him?
- LUKE. We don't know where to look. On our way out, this afternoon, we stopped off at the tomb. Half the city was out there and the place was heavily guarded. We couldn't get near the tomb.
- STRANGER. He is not in the tomb. You tell a story that is mysterious and strange. But while you spoke, I thought about the Scriptures.
- LUKE. For example?
- STRANGER. What if Jesus of Nazareth were the Christ, the Messiah that was promised?
- CLEOPHAS. At one time we thought he was.
- STRANGER. What if he were the Messiah! Wouldn't that make fools out of you? Aren't you slow in grasping what the prophets of our people have foretold about him?
- LUKE. (*pugnaciously*) For example?
- STRANGER. You say that you are a doctor. And you look like an intelligent man. Didn't the prophets tell us that the Christ ought to suffer the way this Jesus did, and so enter into his glory?
- LUKE. (*doggedly*) For example?
- CLEOPHAS. Tell us what you mean. You may be right. We are really puzzled and depressed.
- STRANGER. You ask for an example. Let me begin with Moses. If you unroll your Scriptures at the very first chapter . . . (*They exit, with the Stranger giving his examples.*)
- (*When they appear, the scene has changed from the open road. They have arrived at the village street of Emmaus, and have paused before a stone house just a little more pretentious than the other houses. It is the*

village inn, and at their entrance the host rushes out of the door and tumbles over to them. They are deep in conversation.)

INNKEEPER. Peace be to you, friends.

THE THREE. Peace be to you. (They resume their conversation.)

INNKEEPER. May I have the boldness to invite you gentlemen to rest your limbs under my roof? You are most welcome, gentlemen.

STRANGER. Well, this is Emmaus. You intend to rest here?

CLEOPHAS. Yes, this is our journey's end. Won't you come in with us?

LUKE. Of course. Have a little supper with us.

STRANGER. My thanks to both of you. I have some distance yet to go. May you find this Jesus whom you seek.

CLEOPHAS. Brother, you don't have to go on. Have supper with us.

INNKEEPER. I have the best wine in all Judea. It's cool as snow and ruddy as sunset. You should taste my bread.

CLEOPHAS. There's an attraction.

LUKE. You can't go on at this late hour. The next village is several miles away. Look, the sun is already setting and night falls fast. The day is too far spent for further journeying.

CLEOPHAS. We've enjoyed your company so much that we want more of it. Stay the night with us, and that will be all too short.

LUKE. There is no one expecting you, is there?

STRANGER. To tell the truth, some friends expect me. But that can be arranged.

CLEOPHAS. You will stay, then.

STRANGER. (as if half-reluctantly) You seem so eager that I really can't refuse.

LUKE. I'm glad. I want to ask you a lot more questions.

CLEOPHAS. (to innkeeper) Prepare the best in the house. We bring you a guest of great honor, a doctor learned in the law.

INNKEEPER. Yes, masters. My house is your house. You will have the best food and the best couches. May you be blessed in your sons and your sons' sons. (Turning towards the inn) Simon, you scalawag. Wine. Bread. Fish. Three guests. (He hurries off as he shouts.)

STRANGER. (as they proceed towards the door) Do you believe the things that I have told you?

CLEOPHAS. You speak as our Master used to speak. How could we not believe?

LUKE. (as they enter) I am beginning to understand and to see.

(Within the guest-room of the inn, they lay aside their cloaks. In the subdued light, the Stranger throws back his hood and folds up the sleeves of his tunic. They seat themselves at table, the Stranger in the center.)

STRANGER. You were disciples of Jesus of Nazareth.

CLEOPHAS. We were of his chosen band.

LUKE. We are still his.

STRANGER. (takes the bread that is before him, lifts it

to the height of his eyes, most solemnly, holds it before him for a moment, breaks it and hands a portion to each) Take ye and eat.

(Luke and Cleophas take the portions and raise them to their mouths. They eat. They spring to their feet, stand awe-struck for a good moment, and then fall to the earth. The Stranger fades into the night.)

INNKEEPER. (standing at the door) Gentlemen! Masters!

CLEOPHAS. (sharply) Where is he?

LUKE. (gasping) He's gone.

INNKEEPER. Gentlemen! Does not my house please you?

CLEOPHAS. The Master. Did he go out?

INNKEEPER. No one passed this door. Is he a thief?

LUKE. Cleophas.

CLEOPHAS. Luke.

TOGETHER. (shouting) He's alive. (Throwing their arms about each other and leaping up and down for joy) Praise be to God. It was the Master. He's alive. My heart burned all along the way. He showed it by the Scriptures. He's alive. We saw him.

CLEOPHAS. (breaking away) Back to Jerusalem!

LUKE. (throwing his cloak about his shoulders) They'll be in the Upper Room. (Rushing out of the door, followed by Cleophas.)

INNKEEPER. (mystified by these antics) Masters, your supper. You are leaving the supper that you ordered. (Cleophas tosses his pouch of coins at him) They seemed so quiet and dignified when they came. (He looks out through the doorway) All sorts of people come to an inn. I've never had any of their sort. They are running like wild. (Searching about the room.) I wonder where the third one is?

A PRAYER IN APRIL

Dear God, please help me bear the Spring!
(Tis such a tragic little prayer,
And such a little thing to bear
For You Who hung three hours for me
In mortal hurt on Calvary,
But, ah, my Friend, You understand
The cry of one with broken wing
Who glimpses now the greening land—
Dear God, please help me bear the Spring!)

Across my open window frame
Flash wings of scarlet, silver, blue,
And apple blossoms tease me too,
As on my couch I lie a-dream
While woody lanes my vision team
Where blue-eyed flowers grow wild and free;
I thirst to rove where naught is tame,
Alas, the captive feet of me
Are lured in vain by Spring's sweet fame!

Dear God, please help me bear the Spring
That taunts and stabs at ev'ry turn,
And nights of laughing stars that burn
Above me where I cannot see,
Hemmed in by roof and walls—ah, me!
Against this torture sweet and fierce
I importune for sheltering,
This foe that can my armor pierce—
Dear God, please help me bear the Spring!

VERA MARIE TRACY.

Mexican Panorama

WILFRID PARSONS, S.J.

IF you suffer from the disease of cataloguing nations and races, of finding neat formulas that explain everything, of emitting generalizations that cover all cases, then Mexico is the place to go to get over it. Your catalogue will be fuller of exceptions than of rules, your formulas will add new qualifications at every step, your generalizations will limp. This is, of course, true of every country, as all intelligent travelers know, but in Mexico it is easier to find it out quickly.

Everybody knows that there was, and is, a religious persecution in Mexico. Not everybody has heard that all through the persecution the Italian Salesians kept open a large college in Guadalajara, the French Marists did the same in Mexico City, and the indefatigable Bishop of Vera Cruz, with the permission of Calles himself, conducted his diocesan seminary in the capital. I saw the crucifix on the walls of a certain parish school, though that is against the laws; the inspector allows it because Jesus was a philosopher with as good a right as Confucius, Buddha, or Comte. The unsuspecting children in another set of parish schools cheerfully admit singing hymns and reading the Bible in class, and the inspector is suddenly taken deaf, because the Governor of that State takes dinner every month with the landowner of the district. It is against the law to wear the Roman collar in public. In a certain State I found all the priests wearing it. The only explanation I could get for that was that the Governor is "decent."

On the other hand, the new Bishop of Tabasco is still waiting in Mexico City, because there is a law in that State that no priest may exercise his ministry unless he is married. The Governor is practically a prisoner in his own State. He is afraid to come to the capital to answer charges against him because if he did they would probably not let him enter the State again. And yet the President, who would like to get rid of him, doesn't dare to take the step.

Official Mexico has often been accused of being Bolshevik. It probably isn't, though many of its regulations resemble Communism. There is probably more Bolshevism in our own secular universities, in which is taught the Bolshevik philosophy of life, the twin tyranny of materialism and State absolutism. On the other hand, if you go into the Mexican Department of Education building you will see the famous frescoes of that "character," Diego Rivera, who can only paint in public so that he can lecture on radicalism while he works. These frescoes depict the rise of the common people through the Revolution. In every one of them the people march under the red flag, and the hammer and scythe, emblem of Bolshevism, is conspicuous. Rivera is now painting for some capitalists in California, and announces he has laid his Communist ideas aside, whether temporarily or not, he does not say. His conceptions are grandiose; his execution atrocious and deliberately ugly. One of his

women has two right feet, probably one of his jokes, which are usually gross. I took the liberty of calling his work "the *reductio ad absurdum* of the Revolution."

Mexico is the home of art on our continent. The rich planters and miners of the old days filled the houses and churches with the best of European paintings. Rubens, Velasquez, Rembrandt, Titian, Murillo, can be studied there. The seventeenth century saw the rise of a strong group of native artists. The missionaries soon found a powerful strain of artistic genius in the native races, and they imported teachers from Europe. Mexican drawn linen, of course, is famous; it is made from imported Irish linen. The native majolica and faience, and talavera and mudejar ware, are not so well known, and so come as a sudden surprise to the visitor; the pottery of Puebla, Oaxaca, and Tlaquepaque, each a separate school sharply different, is superb. The whole art is just trembling on the verge of being an industry, when it will die; for the real beauty and value of it now is that it is the work of individual craftsmen. When mass production sets in it will disappear, as will many other fine things in Mexican life.

I saw a very interesting experiment in community drama. I have before me a long, red, hand bill, such as we used to have, announcing the forthcoming production of a play, *El Octavo, No Mentir* ("The Eighth [Commandment], Do Not Lie"). It is to be played by the Cachú Dramatic Company. Mr. Juan Cachú Ramirez, who is also a skilled photographer, is the guiding genius. The theater is out of doors. It has a stage on trestles, and the benches are a collection of old lumber from the neighborhood. The prices are fifty centavos, and twenty-five for children under twelve. Sometimes they show movies, when they can get them. The proceeds go to the building of the parish church, which is going up in a new, and poor, quarter. The pastor is Msgr. Luis G. Sepúlveda, one of Mexico's great preachers, and professor of Scripture in the Seminary. This tireless man has a parish school, under Government supervision, which he threw together from a group of small houses. He has hundreds of children and his teachers are practically unpaid volunteers. He has Catholic Action going full blast, and one of his helpers is a nephew of the President.

To our way of thinking, the poverty in Mexico is appalling. Millions live in one-room adobe huts; they mostly are clothed in rags, though the blue Detroit overall (Spanish: *cuerall*) is coming to be the national garment, taking the place of the old two-piece, white-cotton costume. The more prosperous of the peasants wear overalls. Yet these same peasants strongly resist any paternalistic moves to "better" them. Happiness to them, and to their richer brethren, is not a matter of owning, but of living. You can see all the stoicism of the Indian, but also the gayety of the Latin; I have never known a Mexi-

can, no matter what his straits or anxiety, who could not instantly burst into laughter, usually over a joke at his own expense. Our way of organizing our national life on a pure production basis is incomprehensible to the Mexican; he looks on it as an impoverishment rather than an enrichment. His leisureliness is a part of savoring life, while to us it is a waste of time; and I have never yet found a satisfactory answer to his question: "What do you do with the time you save?"

Mexico, when it is finally discovered by Americans and the tourist agencies, will probably become one of the holiday playgrounds of the world. The curious combination of a tropical latitude and a mountain altitude gives Mexico City an even climate all year round. You have to be careful after sunset, for it gets suddenly cold, and you put on an overcoat going into a cold church on leaving a sunny plaza.

I spent an unforgettable Sunday at Lake Pátzcuaro; the name means in the language of the Tarascan Indians, "Place of Delights," and is well chosen. The altitude of the lake is 6,717 feet and it is surrounded by lofty mountains. It is full of fish, and the Tarascan Indians who live on some of the twenty islands in the lake fish for them with enormous nets, which almost cover their islands when they are set out to dry, as they were this Sunday. I think that all the ducks from North America are there, in winter quarters—a dozen varieties of them, along with a white goose from Alaska, pelicans, cranes, sea gulls, storks, eagles, hawks, falcons and buzzards. I was constantly afraid our launch would run them down. The hills have game: lions, leopards, bears. . . .

The whole place is a sportsman's paradise, and a lovely spot to rest in, with a sun that is healing. The hotel gives you a simple but comfortable room for one peso (forty-seven cents) a night, and the white fish at breakfast was divine. I was shown the honors of the lake by a charming gentleman who has a villa on the shore, and to whom I am grateful. (P.S. I did not see any lions or leopards in Mexico, though on one occasion when we were lunching in the woods on the side of a 14,000-foot volcano which we climbed—by automobile, the chauffeur casually remarked: "There are lions hereabouts—and leopards, too." Nor did I see any wolves in the *Cañon de los Lobos* (wolves), on the way from Cuautla to Cuernavaca, to my own relief and the lasting delight of my companions. (I suppose there *were* wolves there once.)

The Indians at Pátzcuaro were the real thing, and I remember them with gratitude, because they immediately recognized me as a priest and removed their enormous hats, though I wore one of the best Arrow collars and a black-and-gold necktie, according to the law. I was recognized many times, for that matter, but I was armed with a special tourist permit, for which I had to ask permission of the Minister of Interior, on my promise to be good. I found in San Antonio a list of those to whom it is forbidden to issue the ordinary permits: "Moslems, Hindus, Negroes, anarchists, priests, Communists . . ." The Apostolic Delegate found the Ministry extremely ready to please on his application in my behalf.

Mexico has pyramids, as well as Egypt, and they were

built in prehistoric times. They are not very beautiful, but they are big. Those at Teotihuacán ("place of the gods"—*teo*, god) have been uncovered. This same place has a temple covering an enormous space; it consists of long walls, a platform, not very high, and another pyramid, in the middle of which very ancient serpent sculpture has been found. The archeologists rave over them, as well they might, for they are a historic mystery. But the propagandists have got hold of archeology in Mexico, and converted it into *Indianismo*, a sort of substitute for religion, the old gods come back, and that sort of thing, the origins of the race, the roots of the nation, and the rest. The animus is obvious. The movement will not get very far, for this overpraised indigenous art is to what was produced under the missionaries about what the scratchings of a child are to Raphael.

Materialism is clutching at Mexico's throat. It has the support of the ruling clique. The worst of it is that it is going to do some good and needed things: in Mexico City I saw a workman's playground which was ideal, and the whole child-and-mother welfare movement from this country is being transplanted there, under the patronage of the wife of a Cabinet minister, a Protestant. That is just one more problem for the Church: how to capture this movement, make it Christian, and more in line with Mexican traditions.

Sociology

Efficiency Experts and Strikes

FRANCIS P. KILCOYNE

NEWSPAPERS recently carried dispatches reporting a strike of mill operatives in plants of the American Woolen Co. in Lawrence, Mass. A majority of the reading public possibly concluded that the present was a poor time to call a strike—the result, perhaps, of reading the headlines, which cannot tell the complete story. Regardless of the suitability of the present period of depression for a strike, there is evidence that ample justification existed for the action.

Sometime prior to February 16, announcement was made by officials of the Washington Mill, one of the American Woolen Co.'s units, that the combers would, on and after that date, operate on the basis of two workers to nine machines. The work schedule in effect at the time of the announcement was one operative to three machines. One worker would be displaced under the new schedule, or two workers would be responsible for the work of three. No additional wages were to be paid under the revised schedule.

A strike was called. Later it spread to the combers of the Wood and Ayer mills of the same company. Those who know what a combing room is will realize that the raw materials handled in this department of a plant must be provided on time, if the rest of the mill is to operate. The strike thus affected employees in most of the other departments, and when it spread, good material for headlines in some newspapers was available, for from eight to ten thousand people were involved.

At noon on February 21, officials of the company issued the following statement:

To our employes of the American Woolen Co., of Lawrence, Mass.—We are agreeable to the return of our employes on the basis previous to Monday, February 16. There will be no discrimination of our employes. Where the question of cost-study programs is being considered, this will be done only with the cooperation of the employes involved, having the best interests of the employes as well as the employer in mind at all times.

American Woolen Co.

The third sentence in the above statement, referring to "cost-study programs" indicates the presence of the efficiency experts. In the beginning they had been installed without the consent of the operatives. Now the mill officials indicate that these experts will remain only when the cooperation of the employes involved is evident. "The best interests of the employes as well as the employer" presumably inspired this gesture.

This announcement did not have the desired effect. There followed further conferences, attended by the mayor of the city, Dr. Michael A. Landers, other public officials, clergymen, newspapermen, business men, and officials of the American Woolen Co. On February 24, a full-page announcement was carried in the local press, containing among other items, the following decisions:

1. Discontinuance of efficiency experts in all departments.
2. No discrimination.
3. All other conditions to continue as prior to February 16.

The statement was signed by Lionel J. Noah, president of the company. It was a marked advance over the previous announcement. Briefly, this is the history of the strike as far as the outside world is concerned. But what caused this reversal by the company?

In an address to his Holy Name Society, delivered while the strike was in progress, the Rev. James A. McDonald, O.S.A., pastor of St. Mary's parish, branded as damnable the tactics employed by some so-called efficiency experts. Stating that a Christian temperance should guide all actions, in keeping with the teachings of Leo's Encyclical on Labor, the priest declared that he sided with the workers, because he knew that it was not right for officials to expect workers to do more than their share. He placed responsibility for the strike squarely at the door of the efficiency corps, who asked men and women to do what was "physically and humanly impossible."

The priest counseled the strikers to return to their machines, for the mill officials had admitted their mistake. At the same time, he promised the workers that he would do all in his power to see to it that this business of efficiency would soon be a thing of the past. He defined the duty of an efficiency expert, when he stated that such an official must show men and women that they are not doing as much work as they should. At the same time he styled that mill superintendent a fool who did not say to such experts "do it yourself."

This summary of Father McDonald's remarks will serve also as an indication of what he told the members attending the several conferences. His insistence, forceful and logical presentation of arguments, and absolute fairness of judgment, resulted well for the workers, the company, and the city.

Unfortunately, outside agitators arrived on the scene shortly after news of the strike had been sent out over the wires. One of the trio, answering to the name of Pat Devine, issued a statement in which the assistance of the clergymen of the city was ridiculed. Those who know the real complexion of the working class in Lawrence will readily conclude that the statement which follows did not come from them:

We don't want any outsiders in the form of clergymen to interfere, because their interference is invariably in the direction of strike-breaking. The real "outsiders" are not the strike leaders, but the strike-breaking clergymen, to whom we say "Your business is religion, stick to it."

Pat Devine, William T. Murdock, and Edith Berkman might have penned that vilification. It was a poor move for cheap publicity, which failed. They did not know the history of the Catholic clergy in Lawrence (and elsewhere) as far as strikes are concerned. They perhaps never heard of the late Rev. James T. O'Reilly, O.S.A., a predecessor of Father McDonald; and because of his illness, they did not have to defend their actions before one who since has died, the late Rev. John J. Gilday. Father O'Reilly labored among the working people in Lawrence for over fifty years, and Father Gilday for over thirty. Both were outspoken in condemning abuses. Both were consulted by labor and capital alike. Both were the pastors of workmen.

The company officials publicly repudiated the assignment of efficiency experts. Labor refused to be used by the agitators. Both sides listened with respectful attention to the advice and guidance of one who knew the situation thoroughly. Labor found its best efficiency expert in the clergyman whose advice they wisely accepted. It is not too much to say that he proved to be a worthy efficiency expert for capital as well.

Education

Timely Recruiting

MARY E. MCGILL

INSPIRATION and reformation are not exactly synonymous. Reformers are as apt to be interferers as builders. But leaders, lashed by an inspiration held in prudent check by humility, do not disturb the mind in a fretful way. With the tact that simplicity of soul generates, they draw intellects to a correct focus, and wills to an adherence to right living.

We witness now a restless stirring in the minds of a spiritually undernourished people. It finds expression in casual conversations over the teacups, and one hears an empty cry wherever people come together. The signs point to slow sensing of the futility of life without God.

Current secular literature admits the famine and has made vain attempts to supply its readers by offerings of popular writers who are as unsettled in their convictions as those they are endeavoring to satisfy. "Pep-up" talks record the need of an upward vision. Philanthropists and humanitarians lean heavily upon brotherly love. The more shallow have even sought comfort in crystal-gazing, while the ultra-cultured (?), unguided by Christian

dogma, are mooded to seek a surcease from soul-hunger in theosophy.

Secular educators are recognizing the inadequacy of our public educational system, in that it eliminates God. But recognition of a lack does not necessarily predicate a knowledge of how to supply the deficiency. Several months ago I had thrust into my hands a novel conception of Christ's mission expressed in a pamphlet put out by a man engaged in public-school teaching. I have met the gentleman, and believe him sincere in his desire to help growing children, but it is impossible for one so uninformed in the teachings of the Saviour to lead correctly youth wandering in a fog. Most children without otherworld vision are not yet blinded by sin, rather, they are blindfolded by ignorance, simply because Divine truths have been withheld. The educator referred to has this to say, in speaking of the development of character in the child:

The greatest character known to man was Jesus, the Nazarene, *but we are not even sure he had a religion. If so, he never mentioned it.* (Italics ours.) Unquestionably he was deeply religious, but the entrancing feature about Christ is not his religion but his life and character. . . .

Here we find the world's reckless discard of dogma, as though there could be a conscious hewing to good morals without definite principles founded on Divine Revelation. True, there is natural goodness, but this does not long stand up under strong temptation, where there is need of a deliberate exercise of free will in the choice of action. Ordinarily, in the heat of passion, or in the cold calculations pointing to temporal self-interests, the will does not naturally choose future good over tempting present evil, disguised to look desirable. Hence, submit the character incentive expressed in the above quotation to an adolescent, and if you are foolish enough to waste your moments, mark time while you wait for him to become Christlike in life and character without a sustaining religion to guide him in the control of his new-found passions, usually whipped to activity by incessantly distracting invitations and the constant prodding of an inquiring mind.

Is it any wonder we find so little knowledge of God outside the Catholic Church? Is it not astonishing that we find so many Catholics who are willing, even eager, to entrust their children to secular schools? Should we really be surprised that we are surrounded by lawlessness, and that the youth of our country are well represented by the suicides, murderers, bandits and criminals of all classes? Analyze the mental food served thousands of children in the formative period of their lives, food from which they are expected to develop character, and you have the solution.

True religion (practised) is the true stabilizer of character. Variable humanity requires a stabilizer. The need is recognized by the multiple cults formed to meet passing fancies. Fancies are not convictions. A mirage can never produce an oasis, but a mirage can keep alive hope until it is proved to be a delusion. Love of souls moves the sympathetic Catholic to view with throbbing pity the many false creeds to which his neighbor clings. Contempt

never finds place in the minds of such onlookers, as they see men and women milling with the same misdirected energy that cattle resort to in a stampede.

Daily, printed pages are held in the hands of the masses which abound in expositions of fantastic ideas, and give unstinted details of unbridled impulses, followed by unabridged depiction of sinful acts. Facts mingle familiarly with falsehoods. Sincerity keeps company with misrepresentation. It is no wonder then that even some who profess the true Faith and have been properly instructed, are subtly led into incorrect thinking through encounter with false philosophies, selfish economics, and transiently appealing adventures.

Stealthily little questionings sound in the ears of such Catholic adults. As these doubts are admitted, they echo in the minds of their children. Soon, worldly ideas control the speech of such parents, and it is not long until one hears truant thoughts of disloyalty expressed with disarming naivete. In a brief space of time their children develop a methodical worldliness. Often they marry non-Catholics, and too frequently they marry without even the reluctant sanction of the Church.

But if unsound ideas are expressed by "slipping" Catholics, before well-instructed co-religionists, *who know how, and have the courage, to defend* right standards and uphold the Church in its teachings without needlessly antagonizing these weak souls, they may be roused from their dangerous state before it is too late.

Our excessively refined (touchy) Catholics are our deprecating apologists of things Catholic. Catholics venture on thin ice when they become overly concerned with respect to their social position. Shallow Catholics render themselves laughing stocks in their attempts to gain ascendancy in mundane affairs. Socially insecure, ambitious folk resemble foolish harpists who try to chord harmoniously with leaders incapable of producing unison. Catholics of this sort are those we find winking at birth-control propaganda, and smiling indulgently when companionate-marriage experiments are discussed, or even advocated. Legislation to legalize the violation of God's commandments does not disturb them, because they have so little respect for sacred precepts themselves.

An orthodox Jew is reverent. Into my mind comes an instance of the respect with which a Jewess once defined a customer of hers. She said, with a glow in her eyes and with throaty tones: "*She is an orthodox Catholic.*" But Jews are not alone in reverence for members who live up to the teachings of the Catholic Church. Good Christians outside the Fold look with respect on faithful Catholics, and hold in contempt the poor practitioner of his faith. Truth has the quality of commanding respect, though hatred may over-ride the acknowledgment in the heart of a bigot.

We are all well acquainted with some apologetic Catholics. The lay apostle has important work to do for these people. They are in desperate plight; the more acute because they do not recognize their condition.

Trained workers are needed to meet the inarticulate calls for help that these worldly-minded, weak-willed Catholic people unwittingly make upon ardent members.

It is important to have zealous guards to reach steady, unhesitating hands when such are sinking in the quicksands of modern paganism, expressed in unashamed sensuality and widespread irreligion.

Are we recruiting adequately to meet present conditions? The reinforcement should come from our Catholic schools. It is essential that we recruit from those thoroughly imbued with Catholicity and who are alertly informed as to the teachings of the Church and the need of our times. From such ranks should come our Catholic journalists and writers, our apologists and our social-welfare workers. Supplementing our specialists, we need a forceful Catholic citizenship from which may be drawn leaders in all professions and avocations. All of these properly directed wills and correctly prepared minds *living* the Catholic religion, through true interpretation, will constitute a defense for weak Catholics and an example for our well-intentioned neighbors not of the Faith.

Successful lay apostles for the present and the future will be found in plenty if our Catholic youth are educated in our Catholic schools.

With Scrip and Staff

THE announcement that the Catholic Hospital Association, of the United States and Canada, will hold its sixteenth annual convention at the College of St. Thomas, St. Paul, Minn., June 16 to 19, suggests that Catholic hospitals might take more decided steps to enlighten the public on the work they are doing for the community.

The pointedness of the suggestion was seen when Dr. Winford H. Smith, director of the Johns Hopkins Hospital in Baltimore, speaking on March 24 before the annual clinical session of the American College of Physicians, insisted on more systematic methods in determining the usefulness of hospitals, as a basis for their appeals for funds. Said Dr. Smith:

The time has come when haphazard methods should be replaced by logical, sound methods, based upon facts and sound principles. We have our boards of education to determine the number and types of schools needed; we have chambers of commerce and commissions of industrial development to look after the commercial interests of cities.

Is it not equally important that we have some machinery to consider the hospital requirements? I make the point that the time has come when there should be machinery of the State or the municipality which should concern itself with such questions as "Is another hospital needed? Where? Of what type? And how is it to be supported?" I do not mean that it shall run the hospitals. But such a commission should determine the needs of the community and pass upon all new projects before they are undertaken, and, so long as our hospitals must depend largely upon public support, should determine how much of the expense should be borne by the State, or its political subdivisions, or by private philanthropy.

Dr. Smith believed that there was an unnecessary burden on private philanthropy. As a typical instance he alleged Philadelphia, where forty per cent of all the patients in all hospitals are free, and added:

Yet the survey in Philadelphia disclosed that only 7.4 per cent of the gross income came from the city, and the hospitals had a total deficit of \$335,779.

I fancy this is quite typical of most cities. And yet, in most States, if not all, real estate owned by these private hospitals for purposes of revenue, and even the endowment funds, the income of which is used by the poor, are taxed by both the State and city, and at the same rates as any other real estate or securities which may be owned and used for the profits of business or individuals.

Analysis shows that about thirty-one per cent of the money available for operating the hospitals comes from private philanthropy. "The system is not sound"; and "with the increased cost of hospital operation it is doubtful if the present system of support will prove adequate for the future."

THERE is another reason for such publicity just at the present time. The Catholic hospital, like the Catholic medical school, is the front line of defense for the community against the craze for birth control, that peculiar delusion which can find no justification in medical, social, ethical, or economic science. The protection thus afforded by the Catholic hospital is indeed a community service of inestimable worth. But since this service may often pass unappreciated by those who need it the most, it would be well for our Catholic institutions to strengthen their present position by such re-statements of aims and accomplishments, and such publicity as they can command.

Speaking of publicity, one cannot but admire the American Child Health Association (450 Seventh Avenue, New York City) for its unflagging supplies of information and releases in behalf of May Day (May 1) as National Child Health Day. The plan, which has been successfully carried out for several years, of concentrating the forces of the home, the school, and the community on that day for promoting child health, received the official sanction of Congress and the President—by annual proclamation—in 1930. The Association furnishes abundant literature offering programs for school observances, plans for community and church cooperation, health propaganda, etc. Child health is not a matter of pious indifference to Catholics. On the contrary, the Church takes the physical just as the moral welfare of the child under her protection. Indeed it is the close connection that exists between the child's moral and physical life which makes the Church the truest friend of the child's body as well as his soul.

The May Day program offers simple and practical plans for supplying just that protection for child health on the part of school and community which our homes *ought* to furnish, but which, in a great number of instances, particularly in rural and industrial regions, they simply do not or cannot supply. It offers, too, a first-rate opportunity for Catholics to point out to the community that the Church is not only the champion of the child's health, she is the champion of his actual existence.

FATHER JOHN A. O'BRIEN, Ph.D., writing in the *Ecclesiastical Review* for April, 1931, quotes the following statement of findings by Miss Harvey Smith, A.M., Director of the Catholic School Health Bureau of St. Louis, whose survey was published under the title:

"The Education of Handicapped Children in Parochial Schools." Interpreting her tabular summary, Miss Smith says:

It can be seen that sixteen cities are attempting to do something for their Catholic handicapped children. Philadelphia, with special classes for the mentally retarded, for the undernourished, and having available special institutional care for the deaf and hard of hearing, for the crippled, and for those with speech defects, seems to rank first among our Catholic communities in the handling of this problem. Philadelphia parochial schools have also been pioneers in this country, so far as the writer has been able to find out, to employ visiting teachers, so useful in the handling of problem children of which handicapped children are one phase.

Other places doing rather outstanding work for handicapped parochial-school children are: Toledo with classes for mentally retarded, nutritional centers and "occasional classes for stammerers"; San Francisco with classes for undernourished and the mentally retarded; and Boston and Fall River also on the way in the development of this program. Classes for the mentally subnormal and the undernourished lead all others; while only two cities, Grand Rapids and St. Louis, provide care for the semi-sighted. Interesting also is the report that Cleveland has established a mental clinic operated by the superintendent of parochial schools and assisted by four Religious.

In New York and Chicago, Dr. O'Brien points out, the city health department provides both physicians and nurses for the parish schools in the same manner as for the public schools; thus lifting an enormous burden from the shoulders of Catholic tax-payers. In San Francisco similar provisions are made by the city board of health for the parish-school children. In Boston nurses but not physicians are supplied by the city, while in Philadelphia it is the opposite,—physicians but not nurses are supplied. Neither are supplied by the city in St. Louis, where, instead, "an elaborate health bureau has been established and supported entirely by Catholic funds. This Catholic School Health Bureau, which was established September 1, 1927, is said by Miss Smith to be the first of its kind in the United States. Its staff consists of two trained nurses, a social worker, and an office secretary."

Dr. O'Brien then puts the question: "Why should not the cost of safeguarding the health of the children of a community, regardless of whether they attend public or parish school, be defrayed out of the public funds?" The reason why this is not done, in his opinion, "is to be found in the misallocation of the health work to the school board instead of to the department of public health, where it unquestionably belongs. . . . It seems to be a tendency inherent in boards and corporate bodies, as in all human beings, to enlarge their scope and function by reaching out after more power and authority. . . . School boards constitute no exception. The pupils attending parish schools," he observes, "are the children of tax-payers, who are thereby clearly entitled to share in the health protection provided by a community out of the funds to which Catholic citizens contribute their share. True they are entitled likewise to share in the educational service offered by the community out of the public taxes, but if because of religious scruples Catholics do not elect to avail themselves of that right, this surely constitutes no ground for depriving them of their right to share in the medical, dental, and nursing care provided by public funds."

THE PILGRIM.

Literature

Cervantes and the Modern Spirit

FRANCIS X. CONNOLLY

IT is a tribute to the art of Cervantes that so many excellent critical minds have attempted to interpret and evaluate his classic, *Don Quixote*. His acceptability to the traditional classicist and the introspective modern, his three-dimensional uniqueness and universality, his peculiar importance as the crystallizer of the modern novel form, provide literary philosophers with innumerable opportunities for the discussion of origins and influences. But modern criticism, insistent upon the right to estimate values according to its own spirit, to accept or reject according to consonance with the *zeitgeist*, has in its approach to Cervantes threatened altogether to destroy a significance that has at best been only imperfectly understood.

Notwithstanding the permanence of art, for even the evolutionists will grant the relative permanence of the humanity of which it is an expression and the particular accidents of place and occasion which are necessary for proper interpretation, modern critics have proceeded with their usual methods to accept Cervantes as a modern. I refer particularly to the essay on Cervantes which appears in Joseph Wood Krutch's "Five Masters." The scheme of the book, which is completely rationalistic and absurd, is of no interest to us save in its relation to the Spaniard. Suffice it to say that Mr. Krutch, in the typical modern temper of which he is the most coherent philosopher, has put Cervantes in a deterministic straightjacket.

The *Don Quixote*, says Krutch, is the expression in comic terms of the Renaissance theory "that man is merely a shrewder sort of animal," that it is a natural credo "in the power of the human being to create values by virtue of his faith in them and to generate a world above the world of nature in which his human (*sic*) as opposed to his natural life may be led." What Krutch attempts to show is that Cervantes, after "the authority of the Church finally succumbed to critical attacks and in certain departments of thought materialists won unequivocal victories as when, for example, experience (i.e., experiment) replaced metaphysics as the method of natural science," became the practical champion of Platonism and the pagan mysticism of the *moyen homme sensuel*."

It is entirely true that *Don Quixote* had no direct literary ancestor, that a tradition of *form* was broken, that Cervantes did deride the prototypal Babbitt who could only see the obviously seeable; it is also true, and banal, that Cervantes swept away the dusty romanticism that clung to feudal glories and ancient chivalries, and that with the resignation of idealism there was a good deal of healthy sentiment. But the point remains that despite the fact that Cervantes was in a certain sense an idealist, idealism was repugnant to his nature; despite the fact that he was in a certain sense an iconoclast, Cervantes' philosophy was not iconoclasm.

It is only the man who misunderstands Cervantes who could so misstate his position. It is only the critic who

is bewildered with ultimates, who has forgotten reality in his introspective wanderings, who could refuse to acknowledge the sane objectivity of the Don Quixote. Mr. Krutch is only an example, if glaring and gauche, of the modern who has wandered compassless into a sea of thought and speculation, which, despite its partial subjective character, has its roots in real things. The idealism that seems so harmless and feminine in the classroom gently leads the critic blindfolded into a many-phased world and leaves him to grope his way to conclusions which, of necessity, are ill-founded.

What Mr. Krutch failed to observe was that only a sound philosophy and a lasting culture could have produced Don Quixote; what he failed to distinguish in the satire was the constructive purpose with which it was written; what he did not see in its idealism was the fact that it was basically the idealism of the saints and the finest spirits of the Middle Ages and the Renaissance. It is indeed inconceivable that the tale of the crazy Don was merely a burlesque of the primed and artificial Palmerins and Amadis who were strutting through the bookstalls of Europe. Such an evaluation is obviously incomplete. But the additional and sophisticated note that Cervantes, inspired by the humanistic movement, overthrew medievalism with a single thrust, as marvelous as one of the cavaliers of La Mancha himself, is simple gratuity. This is largely the opinion of men who were reformed by German philosophy; under such limitations their mistake is understandable. The detached smile of the Spaniard looks to be an irreverent smirk; and it is a strange fact that our modern philosophers have never been able to understand a smile.

And it is because Mr. Krutch and his brethren have not been able to understand the smile, to appreciate laughter, that they have misjudged Cervantes. Modernism is touched with the over-seriousness of youth, with the all-absorbing self-consciousness of the innovator, of the parvenu without ancestral assurance. Consequently the pure and sympathetic objectivity of Cervantes could only be understood as a haughty indifference to the matter of his novel. His attitude towards contemporary Spain was undoubtedly critical; there were many things to be critical about. The pragmatism of Sancho Panza, the smugness of a nation fed on golden plate, was the real target of his animus. For Cervantes had grown to love the crazy Don, than whom there is no more precious Christian hero in all literature.

There evolved, over the apparently aimless pages of Quixote, not only a whimsical affection for the rusty knight, but the genuine conviction that with all his illusions, with all the buffoonery with which he is surrounded, he is a dramatic and comic embodiment of the immense paradox of Christianity. He is tragic and yet laughable simply because in a peculiar Christian sense tragedy is laughable; he clothes the ugliness of the Castilian plains with a figmentary beauty and he sees through the thin air all the mystical glories that hover on the nether side of real things. Don Quixote was not deluded when he saw loveliness in Dulcinea; he saw Dulcinea as she was well enough, but he saw also, and most exclusively, what

she could be. It requires a Christian to see knighthood in an inn-keeper, just as it takes a Christian to see a king in a manger and a queen in a stable.

These things cannot swim into the ken of Mr. Krutch. In his confusion of poetic and philosophic idealism he bends the point of the satire in the wrong direction. When Cervantes like a fabulous giant holds Spain (and the Renaissance world for that matter) in the palm of his hand and smiles at their diminutive proportions, it is not because he has made of man a purely material and worthless thing created without a purpose save for the expression of cosmic energy, or because he has examined them and found that they were all stupid and depraved little fools; it is rather because he knows them and understands them, and the swiftest recognition possible between man and his fellow is expressed in a smile.

The minutiae of Dreiserian criticism, the inspection of Sinclair Lewis, are after all of the same *genre* as Cervantes. But in the pessimism of the Americans there is only recognition of the natural man; the possibility of the remotest happiness lies in a Utopia of a wandering star, in the imagination of men greedily anticipating a satiation which experience shall prove unsatisfying. Cervantes could never dissociate man and the supernatural. When his Quixote could not suck from nature and the world the happiness and the comfort which was the desire of Sancho Panza, he did not find it necessary to plunge into the haze of consciousness, into the mournful sympathy of sentiment as a refuge from the hardness of life. Hardness was what he expected, and it is not at all improbable that Quixote relished the delight of trouncings more than the pleasures of administering them.

Despair is a youthful and immature folly. And Cervantes was an old man and a wise man. He was of the marrow of a militant and mystical Christianity and his humor was a Christian humor. There is nothing in him of the rapid conventional wit of Calderon, or the brilliance of Oscar Wilde in modern times; there is none of the insolent bravado of Rabelais, or the malice of Voltaire. There is a coarseness and unpleasantness in malicious satire and venomous laughter that ruins the satisfaction in an author's heart. It is not that the butt of one's egotism is made ridiculous, it is rather the cowardice of turning him over to the mob, the ignobility of dragging the body of an equal around the dust of the battlefield. But we can truly laugh at that which we love, at our friends and ourselves. Then laughter becomes something of a prayer, a spontaneous, effortless simple act of hope and acknowledgement of dependence, a sheer mistrust in man. And that is the laughter of Cervantes.

We do not laugh that way today. Exuberance is confined to the most insipid of the popular weeklies and it is rather the exuberance of the typewriter clicking under the inspiration of an editor's wand. There seems to be nothing worth laughing about; when it is unthinkable to grin at the sputtering of a motor, it is surely illogical to smile at the mechanism, however more complex, of man. Dreiser can only moan when the chemical substance of the impure, to the retail value of ninety-eight cents, manages to work itself, through some inexorable

law, into a somewhat more than physical anarchy. The despair of Mr. Dreiser and a great number of younger authors constitutes the real American tragedy. The bleakness of the intellectual landscape, the grimness of paganism is perhaps the finest proof that humor after all is the most precious gift of sanity.

With Cervantes there was no futility. When he wrote the Don Quixote he had every reason to despair. A lifetime of service had gained him no more than a prison sentence; his muse was relentlessly elusive; his health was rapidly failing. But he had inherited not merely the wisdom of a lifetime, but the wisdom of ages. He had eons of it to dispense: the rich tradition of the Middle Ages and a Renaissance from which he had extracted only the beauties. His many technical flaws become lost in the pervasive sweetness and strength and mellowness which breathe in the Don Quixote.

Imagine him, an old man, in an old chair, his eyes heavy with thinking, his lips moving in a very soft laugh.

REVIEWS

The Incredible Yanqui. By HERMAN B. DEUTSCH. New York: Longmans, Green and Company. \$3.50.

The soldier of fortune is always tempting meat to a journalist; and if the adventurer happens to be an American who invades foreign soil and, after engaging in a hectic military career, emerges temporarily triumphant over foes and fates, he is bound to develop a colorful tradition. Mr. Deutsch frankly confesses that he had to write the biography of Lee Christmas twice, for early in his researches he found that the version of his subject which had been exploited in the Sunday supplements of twenty years ago had made him more myth than man. However, the man, while more credible than the myth, is decidedly interesting in himself, although hardly dimensional enough for a book, either in character or achievements. Lee Christmas lived between 1863 and 1924, and at the age of twenty-two became a locomotive engineer on the New Orleans and Texas Railroad. Dismissed and black-listed because of an accident, he was subsequently refused reinstatement on being found color-blind. He forsook the United States for Central America in despair and there began a career rather less valuable than spectacular. A curious blend of D'Artagnan and Colonel Mulberry Sellers, his physical courage was notable, and his ingenuity sufficient to make him desired as an ally by each of several Honduran faction leaders, with the result that he soon became a general. Between the stages of Christmas's career is interpolated much contemporary history of Honduras. The picture presented is hardly complimentary, for it gives an impression of irresponsibility and inconsequentiality that will not enhance the prestige of the Central American state.

I. T. McD.

Wordsworth. By HERBERT READ. New York: Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith. \$3.00.

Two illustrations adorn this American edition of the Clark lectures given at Cambridge last winter. One, the Hancock drawing in the National Gallery, reveals, at least to Mr. Read, the real Wordsworth, the author of the "Lyrical Ballads," and the lover of Annette Vallon. The other, significantly a death-mask, is the simulacrum of a man, the self-righteous Tory and would-be philosopher who deserted Annette, abjured the French Revolution, and wrote "The Excursion" as an escape from his "viperous remorse." How the first image was transformed into the second becomes clear in the pages which Mr. Read has given to biography. For him it is another case of inhibitions. With the axioms of psychoanalysis for blue prints the architecture of any life becomes simple. Too simple, is what the unprejudiced will say about the Wordsworth here given us. Certain factors that would clash with the main thesis are suspiciously missing. Thus, the influence

of Coleridge is consistently minimized; the occasional poetic gold of the later output is not fitted into the hypothesis; the political apostasy is not correlated with a similar change in the other aging Romantics. As a critic, Mr. Read makes some atonement for his biographical shortcomings. Except where his psychological obsession interposes a cloud, his comment on the poetry is luminous and invigorating. Several time-worn canards about Wordsworth's poetic theory are neatly dissolved in their neglected context, and the modern idolatry of the supposed depth of the later Wordsworth suffers a ruthless exposure. Sharing as he does his master's belief in the primacy of the emotions in the poetic process, Mr. Read has some hard truths to say about philosophical poetry in general, and "The Excursion" in particular. In this connection his comment on Wordsworth's naive "humanism" has contemporary piquancy: "If there is one general law of individual life, it reads, Thus far and no farther. What philosophy must we base on that fact? The choice can only lie between an extreme skepticism and an uncompromising supernaturalism." Wordsworth, like too many others, made the error of attempting a genteel *via media*. A. C. S.

Dictionary of American Biography. Volume V. Edited by ALLEN JOHNSON and DUMAS MALONE. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

The prime interest for a Review such as this in a series of publications such as the "Dictionary of American Biography" is that of the treatment of Catholic subjects in the work. It is a matter of gratification to assert positively that Catholicism is treated with respect and with justice in these biographical sketches and that the editors would seem to have sought out, impartially, the Catholics who deserve to be mentioned among the leading personalities of our country. In treating of earlier volumes, notice was taken of the adequate accounts given to Catholics; but some names might have been included but were evidently overlooked. In the present volume, from Cushman to Eberle, scarcely any persons, so far as the present reviewer can state, who should have been mentioned from the Catholic aspect have been omitted. On the other hand, there is a fair proportion of Catholic representation; that is, those whose lives should appear in the volume are included, but, comparatively, the number of Catholics represented is small. That, in no way, reflects on the editors. The total number of Catholic subjects in the volume could be placed between fifty and sixty; the doubt arises from the fact that some famous Irish names were of men who probably lost or ceased to practise the Faith. The narratives are uniformly just, sympathetic and scholarly. They are authoritative and dependable. What has been said of the sketches of Catholics is equally applicable to all the other articles. There can be no hesitation, on the part of this reviewer, in giving the highest commendation to this series of American biographies.

F. X. T.

Robert Feke: Colonial Portrait Painter. By HENRY WILDER FOOTE. Cambridge, Mass. Harvard University Press. \$7.50.

If Robert Feke can spare time from his paradisaical labors of painting the heavenly elect—one's career upon earth supposedly continuing in heaven—he ought to return to Mr. Foote to thank him for establishing his rightful place in pre-Revolutionary art, for so deftly patching his obscure life together that although the result is not substantial biography it is personal history nested in the larger history of eighteenth century portraiture, with removal of Copley as usurper of much of Feke's work, for holding a congress of his art in so painstakingly cataloguing his portraits under subject, description, date, size, etc., and finally, for stimulating interest in his paintings, in his life, triangled between Newport, Boston and Philadelphia, in his mysterious death, no one knows when, where or how. Mr. Foote closes his work upon this half-note of uncertainty and public speculation takes it up and lo! the painter is rescued from obscurity and begins to be "collected." Despite an awakening introduction the first break into the book is discouraging because from yards and yards of ancestral connections Feke seems unable to emerge; but as the chapters, arranged chronologically, strung upon the visits Feke made to execute work, progress, the reader realizes that outside of ancestral bearings

there is very little material with which to tailor him and that the author has done remarkably well with such scant measurements. To supplement the background of ancestry Mr. Foote seizes any incidental mention of the artist in correspondence or journals, as Alexander Hamilton's description, "the most extraordinary genius ever I knew," in yellowed magazines like Dawson's *Historical Magazine* and in legal certificates. The style of the book is severely simple, like the tableware and the furniture of early America, the chaste pewter and the prim Queen Anne, admirably suited to armor the simple, dignified figure of one of cradle America's forgotten artists. The buff page photographs of the paintings seem too lovely to keep dark in a book. Until more is known of the enigmatic Foke, Mr. Foote's book stands ready for the general reader of culture, for the collector who loves the accord of gold on top pages.

E. H. B.

Makers of Modern Europe. By COUNT CARLO SFORZA. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Company. \$5.00.

This is, as the author confesses in his preface, a poorly organized work. It is the result of throwing together a number of journalistic essays. He has attempted to delineate some two score of kings, dictators, Popes, generals, premiers and diplomats: Franz Joseph, Curzon, Foch, Pius X, Benedict XV, Lloyd George, Balfour, Mussolini, Lenin, Kemal, and many others. Despite the catalogue, the field of the book is very restricted; there is nothing of religion, labor, finance, sociology, literature, education; it savors more of 1820 than of 1930. Sforza was Foreign Minister of Italy and has represented his country at Belgrade, Constantinople and Paris, and so was acquainted with most of the personalities discussed. As the book is mostly a series of sketches, it has no central idea and its lack of continuity makes tiresome reading. Its tone is rather superficial, eked out with occasional epigrams and platitudes. With regard to the Makers themselves, their appearance is sketched, some history of their political life is detailed, their intellectual and moral caliber estimated. The pictures are very incomplete, the author intrudes himself on every page, and his views are mostly subjective. Franz Joseph of Austria, last of the absolute monarchs, is stupid and egotistic; Curzon is an inflated fool. The author admires Foch and the chapter on the Generalissimo is the most sincere in the book. Sforza is out of sympathy with the Church, and the Popes are treated as merely political figures, with a distorted and unfavorable picture as the result. This is particularly true of the discussion of the settlement of the Roman Question. For the English statesmen in general there is unstinted praise. In the chapters on Fascism the author emphasizes his dislike of Mussolini. Lenin, Kemal, Pilsudski, Trotsky and Sun Yat-sen, dictators all, end the book on a better note, despite Sforza's ardent democracy. The book as a whole is the merest journalism, and does not compare with most of the works of a similar nature which have issued from England since the war.

K. J. K.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

The Classics Once Again.—In the trend towards beautiful books initiated by Random House and more lately by Cheshire House in New York City comes the prose translation of Butcher and Lang of "The Odyssey of Homer" (Boston: Hale, Cushman and Flint. \$7.50) with twenty illustrations by W. Russell Flint, A.R.A. The book is magnificently printed, and the work of Mr. Flint is quite as felicitous as it was in his paintings on "The Canterbury Tales."

Homer F. Rebert has added his scholarly appreciation of Vergil, with complementary essays on Catullus and Horace, to the tonnage of Vergiliana published last year by almost all of the classical foundations and departments in America. His book, "Virgil and Those Others" (Virgil Bimillennium Committee of Amherst College), can have little general interest since it is highly technical in form and in treatment. The various essays consist chiefly of elaborate textual criticism, despite the fact that Dr. Rebert prefaces his little work with the plea "that the Latin Classics must be looked upon as literature."

The Oxford University Press offers "American Critical Essays" (Oxford. 80 cents), edited by Norman Foerster, containing selections from the work of the better critics of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. The character of the essays seems to support the statement that the best American work in the field of letters has been in criticism. From Poe to Brooks the matter is uniformly good, if completely inconsistent and individual. One cannot help remarking the perennial excellence of "The Poetic Principle" with its splendid illuminations.

A Novelty.—It may be somewhat of a surprise to the older folks who regard with special reverence Hilaire Belloc, historian, philosopher, essayist, that he is not averse to entertaining and instructing the junior circle also. "New Cautionary Tales" (Harper. \$1.50), with appropriate satirical drawings by N. Bentley, are a series of moral warnings in verse of the fate that befell children unmindful of wise admonitions. There is a "Reproof of Gluttony"; the story of the disaster that came to the little girl who would not learn to read; what happened to "John, Who Lost a Fortune by Throwing Stones," and to "Peter Goole, Who Ruined His Father and Mother by Extravagance." These are part of the contents which end with an essay "On Food" in which this sinister note is struck:

In Maryland they charge like sin
For nasty stuff called terrapin;
And when they ask you out to dine
At Washington, instead of wine,
They give you water from the spring
With lumps of ice for flavoring,
That sometimes kill, and always freeze,
The high plenipotentiaries.
In Massachusetts, all the way
From Boston down to Buzzards Bay,
They feed you till you want to die
On rhubarb pie and pumpkin pie,
And horrible huckleberry pie,
And when you summon strength to cry,
"What is there else that I can try?"
They stare at you in mild surprise
And serve you other kinds of pies.

On this trip AMERICA's distinguished contributor must have had a very inefficient guide. When next he visits here, one who is native and to the manner born, will take him up the fascinating Wissahickon and treat him to pepper-pot and fried scrapple with catfish an' waffles. A declaration of U. S. A. citizenship intentions should surely follow.

Another interesting volume of verses for the young devotees of the muse is found in "Poems for Children" (Holt. \$2.50), by Walter de la Mare. In a new introduction the author attempts to defend and explain the title of this collection, but he is undoubtedly addressing himself to "children of a larger growth." Here in a single volume are included old favorites from "Peacock Pie," "Down-Adown-Derry," "A Child's Day," and "Crossings." There are also some selections from "Flora" and a number of new poems which are as delightful as the older ones. These verses written for and offered to children will be read with as much eagerness and delight by grown folks addressed in the Introduction.

Catholic Teachings.—Extracts from an unfinished private diary have been issued in book form under the title of "A Spiritual Pilgrimage" (Longmans, Green. \$3.00). The pilgrimage as explained in a subtitle is one leading "towards the threshold of the Catholic Church." The anonymous author gives an account of the first entry, which more than by any other way came by silent meditation in Cathedral and Church where the traveler felt drawn to seek peace in "His Holy Presence." There are some two dozen chapters in review of studies on Catholic doctrines and a concluding chapter on "Waiting at the Threshold." These pages should prove helpful to the many other pilgrims who are still groping towards the port of peace and to Catholics themselves who wish to understand better the difficulties which often beset the path of sincere pilgrims towards the threshold of the Church.

"Catholic Teachings" (Macmillan. \$1.50), by Thomas C. B. Healy, is a pocket-size volume, in spite of its more than three hundred pages, of instructions on the doctrines and practices of

the Catholic Church. The book, we are told, comes recommended by the author's twelve years of actual experience in instructing those who have asked for information on these topics, including prospective converts. The order of the chapters follows the Baltimore catechism and thus makes the book suitable for use in Catholic secondary schools, study clubs and inquiry classes.

In the Catholic Library of Religious Knowledge Series, volume XVI treats of "The Christian Life and the Spiritual Life" (Herder. \$1.35), by V. E. Masson, O.P., translated by Sister Hyacinth, O.P. This volume is an introduction to the study of ascetical and mystical theology.

"Meditations on Christian Dogma" (Herder. \$5.00, two volumes), by the Rt. Rev. James Bellord, D.D., give in two volumes a complete course of meditations, starting with the knowledge and existence of God and ending with reflections on the Four Last Things. Each volume contains a synoptical table of the method of meditation. These books have long been in use and have been approved by the laity as well as by Religious. The work has been out of print for some time and this new edition should satisfy the wide demand for the volumes.

For many years the work of Bernard van Aken, S.J., "A Handbook for Sisters" (Herder. \$3.00), has been popular in Germany. It is presented in English with the hope of eliciting the same cordial welcome and serving with the same effectiveness. The volume discusses in order, the Religious State, Vocation to the Religious Life, Life in the Convent, the Government and Administration of Religious Institutes, the Burial of Religious, and Leaving a Religious Institute. Topics are treated in catechetical form of question and answer. The Canon Law of the Church is cited and explained briefly and clearly. There is an index of Canons quoted and an alphabetical index of topics. The handbook should serve as a manual of instruction for novices or Professed Religious. It will help them not only to a clearer understanding of their vocation but also to a greater appreciation of it because its value and status are impressed in this work by an intellectual realization.

Adventures in Literature.—A brief survey of literary forms for instructors and students is presented by R. R. Greenwood in "A Preface to Literature" (Macmillan. 80 cents). This slim little volume may serve as a text or reference book for high school students who wish to know why we study literature and how we should study it. The author, after distinguishing between prose and poetry, discusses each in turn under their various forms. Each section is followed by a bibliography, and an index to topics and authors is given. The author has tested these pages in his own classes and has found them "workable."

For the advanced student, Joseph T. Shipley presents a survey of literary criticism and the theory of the literary forms under the title "The Quest for Literature" (Richard R. Smith. \$3.50). The nature of this book, says an author's Note, makes it largely a conspectus of what men through the ages have thought about literature. It is not Dr. Shipley's intention to make converts to any special theory, but rather in some measure "to promote a consideration of the work of art in which enthusiasm will be supported by understanding." Whether or not the student agrees with the author in all the viewpoints seems, then, of little importance so long as the author has been able to present clearly with definition, nature, and status of various forms the results of his long study and research. There is a bibliography carefully classified and a complete index.

Although Josephine K. Piercy calls her volume on "Modern Writers at Work" (Macmillan. \$4.00) a textbook, one feels that it will have a wider appeal to the general reader who is interested in literature and its makers than to college freshmen, even though they have been held as directly responsible for the volume. Separate portions might interest college students, but the bulk and price of the volume will undoubtedly dampen their enthusiasm for the work as a whole. Yet, as a reference book for classes in literature or as a series of short selections from modern writers, the book cannot fail to attract and interest, and, at times, to amuse as well. The author divides her host of writers into eminent essayists, humorists, short-story writers, novelists and others, eminent all.

Communications

Letters to ensure publication should not, as a rule, exceed 500 words. The editors are not responsible for opinions expressed in this department. No attention will be paid to anonymous communications.

Rare Issues of the Catholic Directory

To the Editor of AMERICA:

The circulation of AMERICA is so wide-spread and its influence so potent in so many directions that I am tempted to ask its aid in the solution of a problem just submitted to the United States Catholic Historical Society by the Rev. Henry H. Regnet, S.J., the librarian of the St. Louis University. He writes the Society:

Our set of the "Catholic Directory" is almost complete. We lack the issues for 1817, 1833, and the partial directories of 1862 and 1863.

Have you by any chance any duplicate copies of these issues? Would you be willing to part with them in exchange for other issues, of which we have a fairly large number, or for cash? In case you have none for disposal would you consider the matter of reprinting or reproducing in some way these rare issues as one of your regular publications, or for the benefit of those who might care to subscribe for a special issue? Perhaps a sufficiently large number of libraries would care to have them to complete their files to make it worth while to photostat them and print, say, fifty copies. May I hear from you what your opinion may be?

We regret very much that we are not able to offer the University the missing numbers of the "Catholic Directory." Perhaps some of your readers may come to the rescue. The reproduction of these now so valuable and so historically interesting little volumes is a suggestion that I believe appeals to our Publications Committee, as these numbers of the Directory are now typographical as well as statistical curios, but we would need for the project an underwriting syndicate. Are there not some members of the affluent circle of AMERICA readers who would back the Society in such an undertaking? It would seem to be the only practical way of bringing it about.

New York.

E. P. HERBERMANN,
Executive Secretary, U.S.C.H.S.

Microphoned Religion

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Our several Catholic radio hours are bringing forward men of outstanding ability. Those men deserve our support and they should be spared all fault-finding.

But here's a question. Why is it that I can't get any of my friends (Catholics) to listen to the Catholic Hour, which is presumably our best effort? Ever since Cardinal Hayes opened the Hour, I've been studying that question, and my answer is this:

The Catholic Hour is an *exhibition*. An exhibition of mental prowess, unanswerable logic, and deep learning—all admirable, but none of them alluring. And the exhibition is over-decorated with big words and an affected delivery.

Whatever the Catholic Hour may be, it is not good radio speaking. It is suffering from 2,000 years of experience with an audience that could not walk out.

The speaker that would hold his listeners must first interest them. To get their interest, he usually opens with something in which they are already interested. Cardinal Hayes, in his talk to the Texas Legislature, showed how prettily that can be done. From the moment when he said: "I also am a Senator; a member of the oldest Senate in the world," he held his audience in his hand.

The addresses of the Catholic Hour, however, make no effort at an opening that will engage our interest. I have just reviewed twenty-one of them, to be certain of this, and only two of the twenty-one make any pretense at such an opening.

Further, a good talk is "instantly intelligible." To achieve that, many authorities on radio speaking have adopted the rule of the newspaper men: "Assume that the audience has the mind of a twelve-year-old child." Our speakers, on the other hand, assume that we are all trained thinkers.

Finally, most of the addresses lack what every good speech should have, a sense of communication. How many of them are

straight me-to-you talks? Talks from the man at the "mike" to the man in the living room? Not one. They are lectures, dissertations, sermons, if you like; but they weren't intended to be talks and they are not talks.

As an exhibition, the Catholic Hour is glorious. It is learned, dignified, impressive. It assuredly satisfies our pride. But is that the best use we can make of the yearly gift of a million dollars in radio time?

Why not forego exhibiting our intellectual superiority? Why not stop shooting at the minds of the trained thinkers and try to reach the hearts of common fellows like me?

New York.

O'BRIEN ATKINSON.

"For Millionaires Alone"

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Despite the exclusive title of Father Talbot's article, "For Millionaires Alone," I felt he would not seriously object to my reading it, as we are old friends. And we think alike about so many things that I am sure he will spare one or two out of many millions to a fundamental need which he did not name.

Our Catholic young people have too little opportunity of becoming acquainted with one another.

What about a week-end and vacation resort within reach of the average Catholic wage-earner?

The management will be as efficient and courteous, the conveniences will be as plentiful, the standards will be as high as at the usual first-class hotel. And all this will be put at the disposal of those who can appreciate such things properly but cannot ordinarily afford them. The rates will be so low as to entail a considerable annual deficit which will be made up out of the endowment fund established by one or two of Father Talbot's generous friends.

The very serious reasons in favor of this plan do not require elaboration.

Toronto.

JOSEPH MCSORLEY, C.S.P.

Commercializing of Devotions

To the Editor of AMERICA:

The Pilgrim's quotation from Archbishop McNicholas: "There is at the present time a commercializing of devotions that is abhorrent to the Catholic sense. . . ." in the issue of AMERICA for March 21, is far from being an over-statement of the case. These practices should be condemned as an intolerable abuse, which is detrimental to the Church of God. The entire Catholic press should warn the Faithful against such profiteering. Unfortunately, even some of our pious magazines are not quite free from this abuse, in the way they report cures and benefits granted those who have given alms.

Denton, Tex.

(REV.) RAYMOND VERNIMONT.

To the Editor of AMERICA:

The remarks of The Pilgrim in the issue of AMERICA for March 21, on the commercializing of devotions, concern what cannot be called other than an abuse. In addition to all the appeals which come through the mail and from magazine solicitors (sometimes impudent), there is another phase which has just come to my attention.

Recently my father died. R. I. P. Immediately after the funeral, letters came to us from all parts of the country. The go-getter business men dealing in monuments sent their literature. To that I have no objection. Then various places sent memorial cards, all printed with his name and sundry prayers, and told us to send a certain amount in payment.

Then came the letters from Religious Orders. Nuns offered to remember him in their prayers, upon receipt of a donation which would enrol his name in their pious societies. And there came a letter from a monastery, in which a priest (I suppose the superior) expressed his sympathy and sent a card showing that he had enrolled the deceased for three months and would, on receipt of a stipulated sum, enrol his name in perpetuity. I forget whether he suggested a donation for the three months' enrolment

or not, but I do know that to me the whole thing suggests giving out samples of prayers.

I can hardly consider their expressions of sympathy sincere when I know that their only knowledge of my family is from the death notice which was inserted in the daily papers.

This certainly is commercializing devotions, and in addition taking advantage of the feelings of bereaved Catholics.

West Roxbury, Mass.

I. J. DONNELLY.

"Labor Unions and Craftsmanship"

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Nothing would please me more than to discuss with Mr. Walsh the question of who is responsible for the lack of skilled mechanics in industry, brought up by him in his letter in the issue of AMERICA for March 28. But should we drag a new argument into the pages of AMERICA by tying it to the tail of an old one?

My original contention was that under existing conditions, now, there is a shortage of trained mechanics in industry and that the labor unions should take advantage of the situation by training men to satisfy the requirements. As far as this discussion is concerned, the cause of the shortage of mechanics is of no consequence. It is not on the ground that they are to blame for the lack of skilled men that I have maintained and do maintain that the unions should train men.

It seems to me that my position can be asserted only by demonstrating either that industry needs no skilled mechanics or that organized labor already has made the training of men an important issue.

However, I cannot resist the temptation to point out that the passage in *Thought*, to which Mr. Walsh referred, described the occasional employer about twenty years ago and not modern conditions.

Milwaukee.

C. J. FREUND.

Help for Organist

To the Editor of AMERICA:

The writer, who used to be an angelic (?) choirboy of the type to which Organist referred, in his letter in the issue of AMERICA for March 28, hopes he can partially atone for his sins by telling Organist how the choirboys and girls at St. Vincent's were taught to conduct themselves. He will reply to the questions in the order in which they were proposed by Organist.

1. Instead of permitting the children to crowd about the organ so that they can touch the keys, let them take their places orderly in pews or ranks at a safe distance to either side of the organ, the boys on one side and the girls on the other. They are to remain in their places and to face the organ while singing. At other times they face the altar.

2. Every other month try to have the pastor of the church give a short talk in which he will remind the choir members that God, the King of Kings, is in the Tabernacle, and that their Guardian Angels are keeping a note of their actions. Let the pastor also remind them of the privilege that is theirs. Another remedy is to limit the number of choir members. If possible have a Sister act as moderator. (A Sister, an icy stare and a yardstick can work wonders! The writer knows from experience!) If you cannot get a Sister, why not try to get one of the members of the Children of Mary or the Altar Society to act as moderator? Catholic Action, as Organist doubtless realizes, is at its best when many work together!

3. Remember that you are doing your best to keep the choir in order, and offer your humble efforts at the organ as a prayer to Our Lord that He may teach the unthinking children how to conduct themselves in His Presence.

In reply to the "Also": Do not let the children kneel or stand near the choir-loft rail, but have the first pew placed more than an arm's distance away from the rail.

The writer wishes Organist every success, and also wishes to say that his name is not Sister Theodore!

Baltimore.

A. G. S.